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JULY 1986

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THE
HUMOR
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FOR ADULTS

WFS 34490



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BY CHRIS MILLER**

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HAVE SEX**

**BERNIE X:
THE FIRST TIME**

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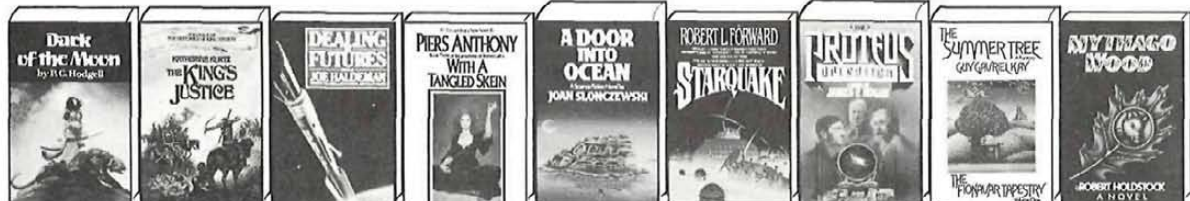
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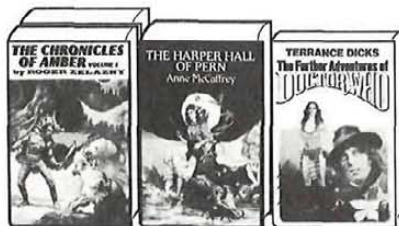
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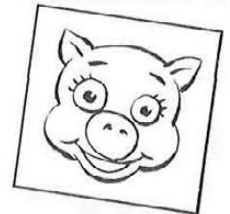
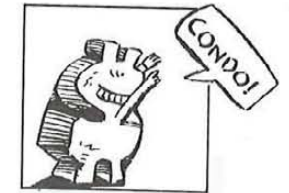
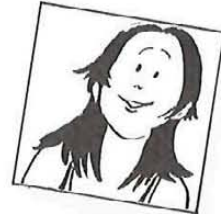
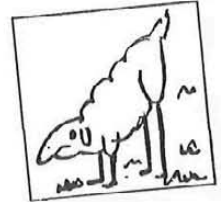
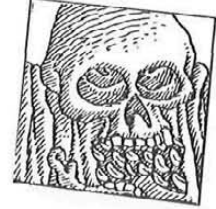
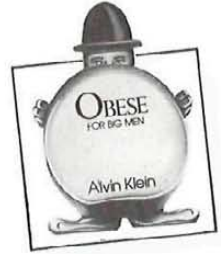
Robert Neubecker

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By Rodrigues

Mr. Vengeance, 78

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Cover note: The usual fuck-ups. George thought the models should *actually* have been melted, saying, "Jesus Christ, you pay them \$600 an hour, the least they could do is make it look real!" Ratso thought we should have done it on location in Acapulco and made a sort of holiday out of it. And Matty thought that it looked more like the Hot Summer Fungus Issue. Oh well, you can't please them all. Ron Harris shot it. Sid Bartholomew melted it, and Jane Muset styled it. I picked the logo color. Nice, huh?—P.K.

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EXECUTIVE PRODUCER ALAN GREISMAN STORY BY ED ROBOTO & TOM LEOPOLD AND CHRIS MILLER & DAVID STANDISH
SCREENPLAY BY HAROLD RAMIS & BRIAN DOYLE-MURRAY PRODUCED BY MICHAEL SHAMBERG

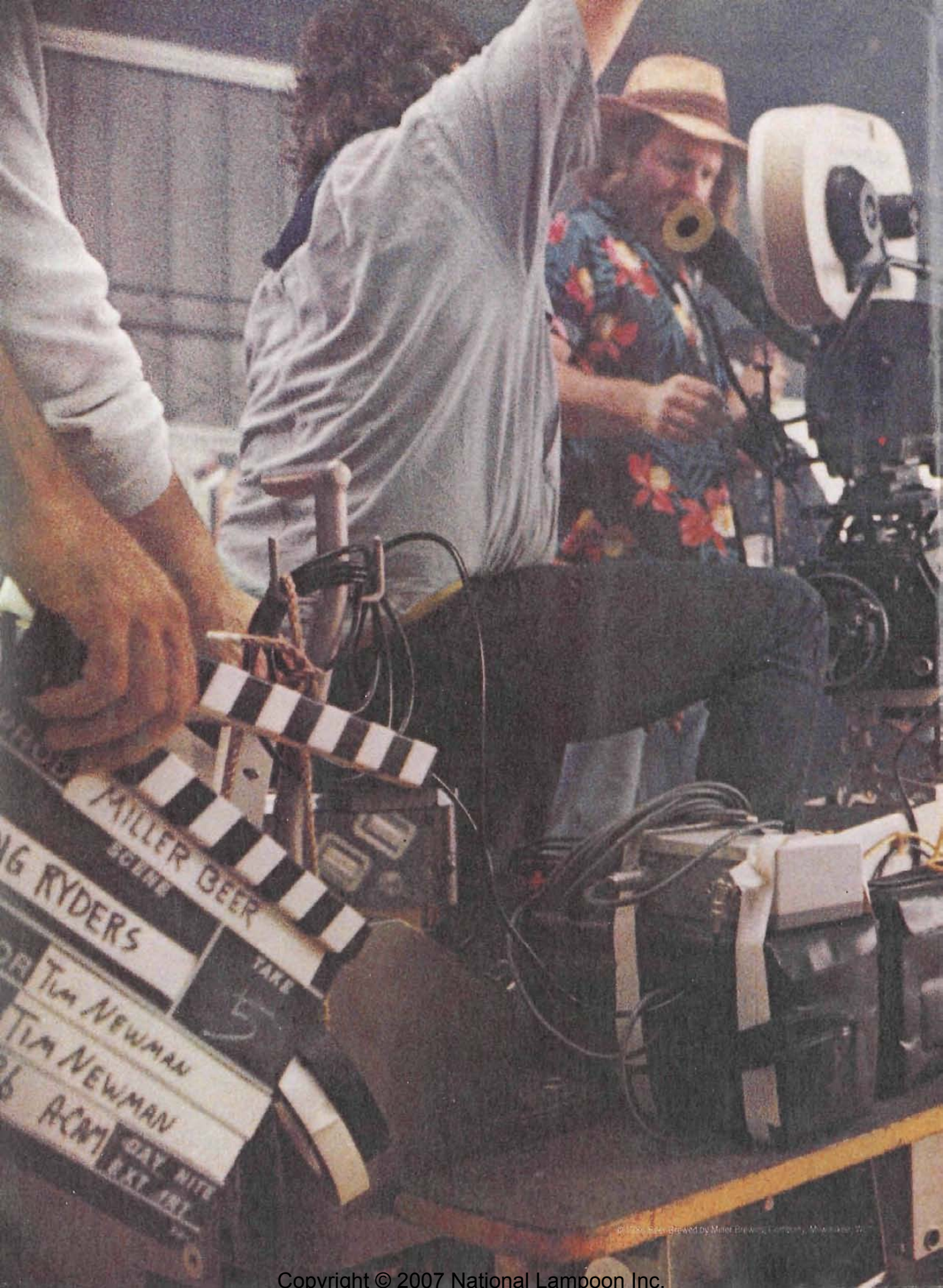
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START PACKING JULY 11

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LETTERS



Sirs:

Oh no, I don't get no respect. I've got a husband who makes a living off me. I tell him to take it easy on me, we've been married twenty years, give me a break. Well, I've been in traction for the last six weeks. I tell him to pick something up for me that he knows I like on his way home from work. Now he's got a hernia from trying to lift a Mercedes. He came home one night all hot and ready to have some fun. I told him we couldn't have fun until it was hard. So he left it out on the kitchen counter overnight. Oh, I tell ya, I don't get no respect.

Mrs. Dangerfield
Kitchen, N.Y.

Sirs:

Please be advised that we are recalling

our Model #220-T Talking Inflatable Woman. Instead of saying "That was dynamite, stud" when the G-spot is stimulated, the product in question says "What about me?" We are sorry for any inconvenience and will make all necessary adjustments at no expense to the owner.

Sid Schlock
Vice President, Quality Control
Whoopee Time Productions
Seamyside, N.J.

Sirs:

*Im-elda, Im-elda,
Imelda, she take our money and run
to Hawaii.
Everybody now!*

Filipinos
The Philippines

Sirs:

Just a line to let you know that even though AIDS has been grabbing all the headlines, I'm still around.

Waiting.

Herpes
Mucous Membrane, N.J.

Sirs:

I'd just like to set the record straight: last Tuesday when that blond woman in the BMW aced me out of a parking space and I called her a crazy cunt, well, that was *not* a sexist remark, but rather a *gender-specific* one. After all, it would have been pretty inappropriate, not to mention anatomically incorrect, if I had called her a crazy prick, wouldn't it?

Guy N. Lightened
Los Angeles, Calif.



S. GROSS

"We're going out and we'll be back later. Jo-Jo has just gotten a line on a couple of girls."

Sirs:
Bet you didn't know I could sing
as well as I act.

Eddie Murphy
Newark, N.J.

Sirs:
'Tis better to have loved and lost if the
lease is in your name.

Leona Helmsley
Iounitall, N.Y.

Sirs:
What's a Greek urn? Not what he used
to, baby.

Telly Savalas
Nojak, Calif.

Sirs:
I want to fuck every girl on *Hee Haw*.
Even the fat one and the toothless one.
William F. Buckley, Jr.
Nashville, N.Y.

Sirs:
I'm tired of singing songs about cities:
New York, L.A., Chicago. It's not a chal-
lenge any longer, and plus, the payback
is not big enough. You do a song like
"New York, New York" and the only peo-
ple that buy the record are people from
New York. The same goes for L.A. and
Chicago. Now, countries, continents,
that's where the money is. How many
people in China? One billion, maybe 1.2
billion. At fifty cents a slant? Now we're
talking bucks. "My kind of country,
China is."

Frank Sinatra
Mulberry St. Social Club
Palm Springs, Calif.

Sirs:
*So I pulled a knife, don't mean
a thing,
Don't think I even heard the doorbell
ring.
The dude was wasted, I was ready
to go,
But he comes on like he was Rambo.
I play it cool, he starts to sass,
So I sticks the knife clean up his ass.
Now I'm in the joint, it's a bunch
of crap,
Me sittin' here facin' this murder rap.*
Mr. Otis Badd
Soledad, Calif.

Sirs:
If Lorne Michaels ever does another
television show, the first thing he should
do is lose Paul Simon's telephone
number.
Art Garfunkel
Queens, N.Y.

Sirs:
This is the odyssey of the Neat
Generation, frenetic young men and

women in a frantic race from health club
to sushi bar, from the Hamptons to
TriBeCa in a tortured search for truth,
kicks, and a good investment oppor-
tunity. Explore the sad recesses of
suburbia in the book that launched
a generation: *On the Lawn*.

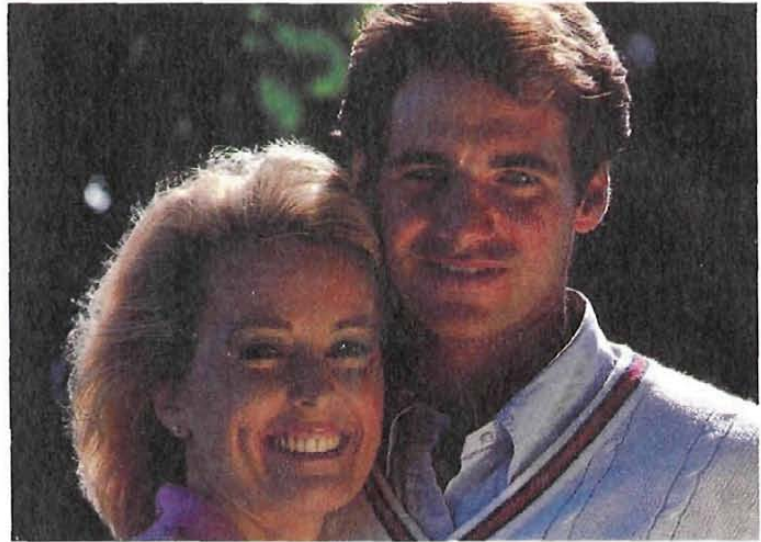
Jack Reallywacky
Lowell, Mass.

Sirs:
A new and extremely irritating condi-
tion has been diagnosed in mediocre

comics. It's called *self-amuse*, and it
consists of laughing at one's own jokes.
Dr. Joyce Brothers
Comedy Store Infirmary
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:
Honestly, the only reason I keep Keith
Richards and Ron Wood in the band is
to make me look healthy.

Mick Jagger
Anorexia, N.Y.
continued on page 17



**"We switched to Ramses EXTRA
because the spermicidal lubricant
gives us EXTRA protection."**

Her Story:

We had been using ordinary condoms for some time. When we heard about Ramses EXTRA with spermicidal lubricant, it did make a lot of sense to us. I like the lubricant and the spermicide adds EXTRA protection we never had before. I don't have to worry about any health side effects. We're both confident Ramses EXTRA is the very best way for us. We both trust Ramses EXTRA.

His Story:

Why were we using ordinary condoms when Ramses EXTRA has a spermicidal lubricant for EXTRA protection? It was a good question. She suggested we switch to Ramses EXTRA and I agreed it was a good idea. It really makes sense to add a spermicidal lubricant to a condom. It was a good decision to switch and get the EXTRA protection. We both trust Ramses EXTRA.

* Ramses EXTRA when properly used are highly effective against pregnancy although no contraceptive can guarantee 100% effectiveness.

Trial Offer:

Send 25¢ today for Ramses EXTRA 3-pack to Ramses EXTRA Trial Offer, P.O. Box SR-7956B, El Paso, TX 79975



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EDITORIAL

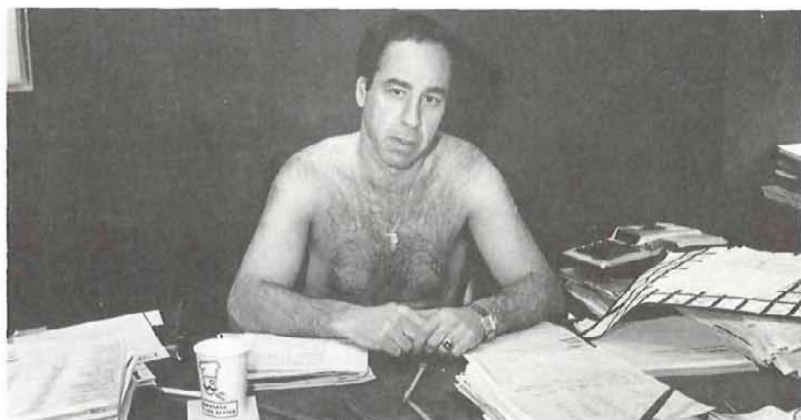
A Message from Our Vice President In Charge of Subscriptions and Product Sales

Im a regular guy. I lead an ordinary life. I've been married to the same woman for many years. I like barbecues in the backyard, a good musical comedy. I like *The Cosby Show* and Bill Murray and Chevy Chase. I like popcorn and hot dogs. Like most guys, I start reading the paper from the back. I am not a deviate. I don't sleep around. I take an occasional drink. Like I said, a regular guy.

So why have I convinced our staff, over their protestations, to make this a sex issue?

Look at the three magazine covers at right. One was chosen by the Art Directors Club as the "best" magazine cover of all time. The second won several art direction and design awards. The third was the biggest-selling issue of the *National Lampoon* ever. The "best" cover sold 616,000 copies. The other critically acclaimed cover sold 598,000 copies. The biggest seller sold 1,083,000 copies.

I rest my case.



Our "Best" Magazine Cover Awards won: 8



Another Critically Acclaimed Cover Awards won: 6



Our Biggest-Selling Cover Awards won: 0

Editor in Chief: **Matty Simmons**

Executive Editor: **Larry "Ratso" Sloman** Executive Art Director: **Peter Kleinman**

Editors: **Andy Simmons, Michael Simmons** Copy Editor: **Diane Giddis**

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Art Administrator: **Jane Muset** Editorial Associate: **Natascha Franco**

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HOWIE MANDEL IN
"THE FIRST HOWIE MANDEL SPECIAL"
Executive Producers: RENEE PERLMUTTER, JAMES RICH
Producers: HOWIE MANDEL, MAURICE ABRAHAM

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TRUE

F

A

C

T

S

Edited by John Bendel

Burglars in Hempstead, New York, were unable to open a safe in the offices of the Hempstead Paper Products Company, so they rolled the five-foot-high, 1,500-pound safe out of the building and attached it to the back of a stolen truck with a towline. Then they towed the safe through suburban neighborhoods until the towline snapped. The safe rumbled another two blocks on its own before coming to a stop in the middle of Concord Avenue. *Newsday* (contributed by Keith Feeney)

In the parking lot of a Billings, Montana, convenience store, police noticed a man with powdered sugar poured over his head sitting in a car with two boomerangs wedged between the hood and the frame. The car also had steak knives "jabbed in the molding around all the windows" and a statuette glued to the roof. The car suddenly took off, and in the chase that followed, the driver threw books out the window at police.

When he was finally captured, Thomas M. Bradley indignantly asked his pursuers, "Didn't you guys read those books I tossed out?" *Billings Gazette* (contributed by Dick Traynham)

According to the *Minneapolis Star and Tribune*, the Wood Lake Nature Interpretive Center in Richfield, Minnesota, offered a "mouse rug" program for families. "Participants will be able to skin their own mouse and make a miniature rug they can bring home," said the announcement. (contributed by Michael Reps)

Lieutenant Robert Travis of the Newburgh, New York, police department was quoted in the *Times Herald Record* on the stabbing death of a sixty-eight-year-old man there. "We have good reason to believe he was stabbed," said Travis. "There was a sharp object sticking out of his chest." (contributed by Tom Basso)

Harvey J. Senko of Humboldt, Saskatchewan, pleaded guilty in a Canadian Provincial court to charges that he threw raw hamburger, soy sauce, and a sewing machine at his common-law wife. *Humboldt Journal* (contributed by Ron Kloschinsky)

A town council in Haringey, England, has banned black dustbin liners because they are "racially offensive." According to *The Mail*, "The council has now changed over to gray sacks to avoid offending West Indian workers in the cleaning department.

"The row follows the sacking of a Haringey Council woman employee for using a banana-shaped pen which upset an Asian colleague." (contributed by Sarah Owen)

When the Hands Across America campaign to aid America's homeless opened a headquarters in Scottsdale, Arizona, "a transient found sleeping in the empty office building donated for state headquarters was kicked out." *Arizona Republic* (contributed by Randy Dietrich)

Authorities in Yacolt, Washington, notified state agencies and dispatched three ambulances after John M. Franklin claimed to have left a "neutron bomb" on the steps of a local church. Emergency

U.N. picks a leader



This photo and headline appeared in USA Today. (contributed by Rich Jarboe)

personnel discovered a brown bag at the church with a stuffed monkey and a package of Cherry Newtons inside. "The handwritten note Franklin had read to the emergency dispatcher was also inside, and the word misunderstood as 'neutron' turned out to be 'newton.'"

Franklin told police that he wanted to spread peace and joy in the world. *The Reflector* (contributed by Brian Johnson)

Reporting on a Chinese sex education publication, *Time* magazine noted, "The book warns that husbands who do not know the location of the female genitals can cause severe damage."

The name of the book is *Girls, Be Vigilant!* (contributed by Barbara Taylor)

Several men entered a supermarket in West Covina, California, then "stole a twelve-pack of beer each and bolted through the checkout lines to a waiting pickup truck." Employees of the store chased the robbers, catching one of them in the adjacent parking lot, but his friends "rescued" him. The pickup circled through the lot, then tried to run over the people holding the thief.

"We held the guy in front of us like a shield, and they hit him," said one employee. "We grabbed him again and the truck backed up and tried to

hit us. We jumped out of the way and the truck hit the guy again."

After a third pass, during which the pickup hit a car, the employees released the injured thief, who crumpled to the ground. His friends picked him up and fled, leaving his case of beer behind. *San Gabriel Valley Tribune* (contributed by Lisa Dunn)

This item appeared in the (New York) *Daily News*:

"Liz Taylor is getting a kick out of reports that a toilet seat was stolen from the Riverwest Theater after she used the rest room during intermission . . . The fact is, said a friend of Liz, 'She never sat on that theater toilet seat.

She always carries her own seat for occasions when she has to use a public toilet.'" (contributed by Frank Mastropolo)

This classified ad ran in the *Houston Chronicle*:

"Tired of fishing but like the smell? I'll trade you my 1929 antique gynecologist's chair for your Bass Boat or small Tri-Hull." (contributed by George Dillman)

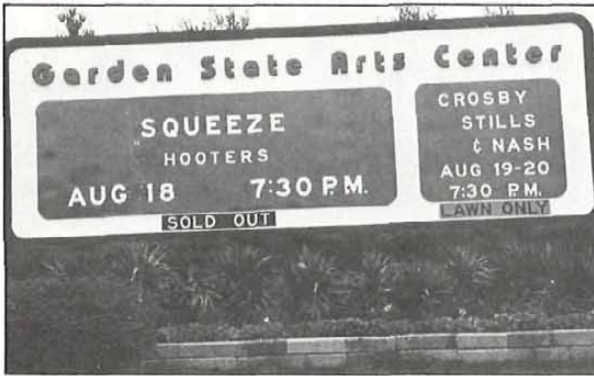
Contributors: We'll pay ten dollars for every item used, twenty dollars for photos. Send to True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.



TRUE

F A C T S

Signs of the Times



Bill Venosa



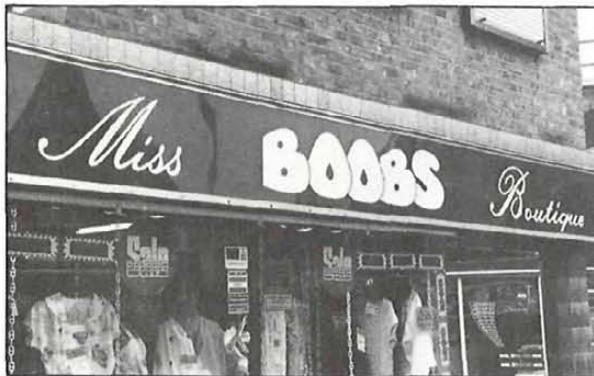
Tom Traub & Suzanne Durard



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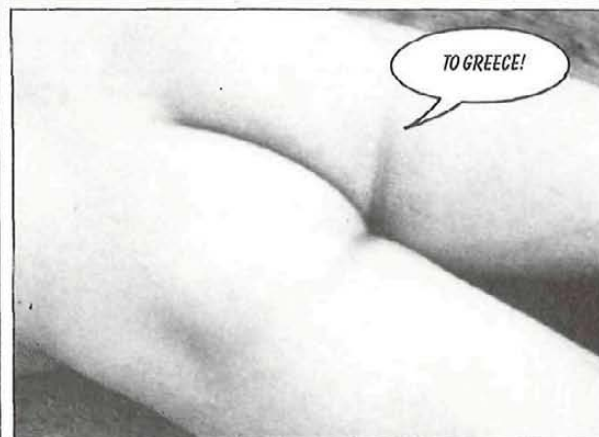
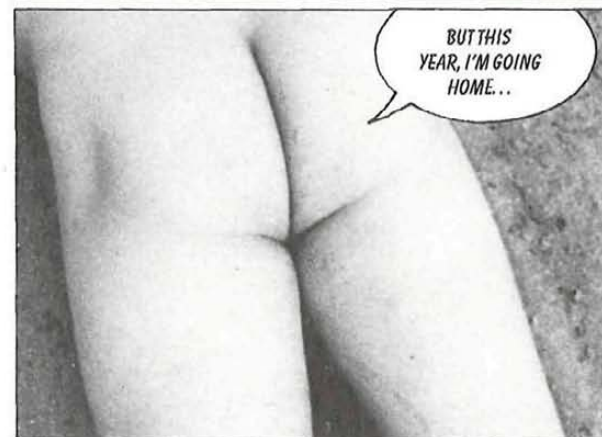
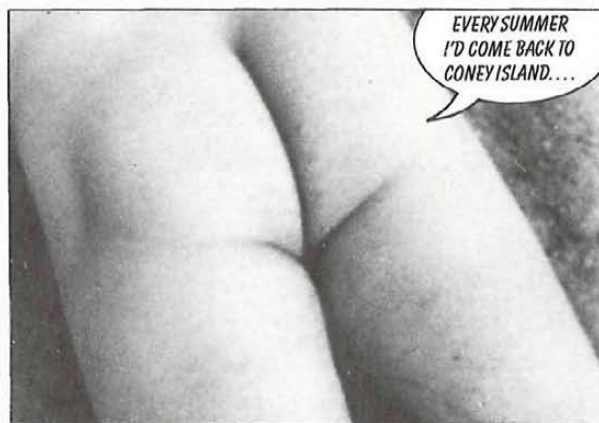
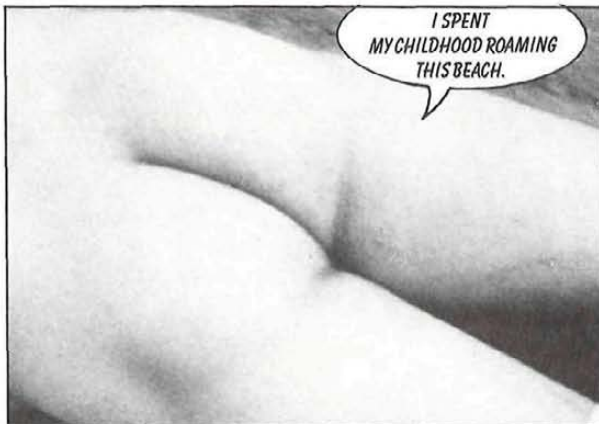
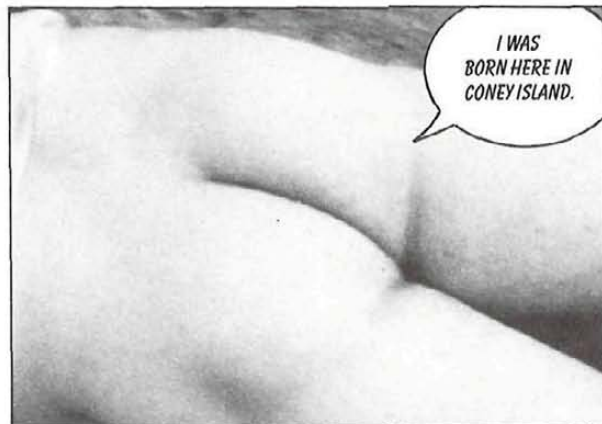
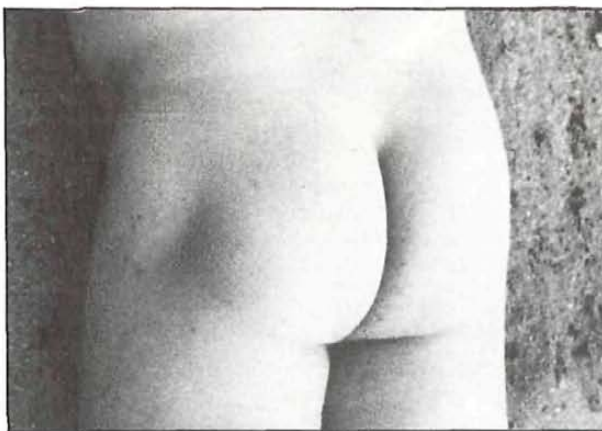
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FOTO FUNNIES



continued from page 9

Sirs:

We are an exciting new company that creates ideas for the motion picture industry. Through sophisticated computer science and extensive field research, including thousands upon thousands of personal interviews, we are able to determine not only what will be a solid, commercial story line but also what actors should star in them. Here is the concept of one of our upcoming movies: "Jessica Lange plays a sensitive woman who has something bad happen to her." Is that Oscar bait, or am I nuts?

Mary Putzman
Concepts "R" Us
Burbank, Calif.

Sirs:

Whoopi Goldberg is her real name. I know. I was at her bas mitzvah.

Rabbi Booker T. Feinstein
Temple Beth Shvartzte, Calif.

Sirs:

I have just invented the cubist cigar, but I have one problem. Which end do I light?

Pablo Picastro
Havana, France

Sirs:

Doubtless you've heard of the cunning lady masturbator who was moist on her own petard.

Edwin Newman
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I am a music teacher in Manhattan, and have been one for twenty-three years. Last week, while giving a French horn lesson to a student, I was interrupted by a man from Eastman & Eastman, or some such thing. He said he was walking by my open window and couldn't help noticing an F-sharp major scale being played. I said, "So what?" Well, he informed me that his client, Mr. Paul McCartney, had just bought the rights to the F-sharp major scale, and I couldn't play it anymore if I didn't license it from him. This was very distressing news, and a bit ironic, because I seriously doubt if Mr. McCartney could even play an F-sharp major scale. I write to you gentlemen in hopes that with your cleverness you might write a piece on him that would embarrass him into relinquishing his rights to the scale. Perhaps something pertaining to the fact that he was the Beatle with the smallest penis.

Samuel Babbitt
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

After careful consideration, my agent and I have decided to lend my name to a rinse for bleaching women's pubic hair.
Bruce Boxlightener
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

In one way, sex iss like riding a bicycle: you can't coast for very long before you have to start pumping again.

Dr. Root Vestheimer
Sun City, Ariz.

Sirs:

This is tewwible! I call the fwont desk and ask woom sewvice for a sandwich, and what do I get? Two pwostitutes!

Elmer Fudd
c/o Mawwiott Inn
Wochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

It's hard growing up in the shadow of a famous son.

Emilio Estevez, Sr.
Bratenpach, Germany

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- 1. Condoms** are considered one of the most effective methods of birth control ever developed.
- 2. Condoms**, when properly used, are the only contraceptive that aids in reducing the risk of spreading many sexually transmitted diseases, including herpes.
- 3. Condoms**, because of this dual preventative role described in reasons one and two—actually enhance lovemaking.
- 4. Condoms** are easy to buy at pharmacies everywhere.
- 5. Condoms** are ultra-thin and available with a variety of features for comfort, stimulation, safety, sensitivity and satisfaction.
- 6. Condoms** are virtually free of side effects.
- 7. Condoms** provide pleasure and protection—for both men and women.

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HOW NOT 1

SPARE A MINUTE TO CHANGE YOUR LIFE?

A few years ago I guess I was like most guys. I'd meet a young lady, exchange pleasantries, and two seconds later I'd be up at her place driving the old skin bus into tuna town.

Sound familiar? Well, that used to be me. It seemed I couldn't even pass a woman in the street without getting snatch. No matter where I went or what I did, it was always the same—women would fall to their knees begging for my bush beast.

But now I'm happy to say I've changed all that! Now I don't get laid by fifty, sixty, sometimes a hundred women a night! Sound too good to be true? Impossible, you say? Well, it's not! You see, through years of trial and error, I've discovered a method. A method so foolproof that you won't even be able to get fucked in prison!

Interested? Well, it's all in my new book.

CURIOUS? LET ME EXPLAIN!

I can hear your questions already:

"Can anybody learn how not to get laid?"

Yes!

"Even Negroes?"

Yes!

"I bet you have to be ugly, right? Like one of those disgusting wrinkled Chinese dogs, the kind that all the goddamn yuppies own. Right?"

Why, no. I've taught several very handsome men how not to get laid!

"Can Jewish men not get laid?"

Don't be redundant.

"Sorry."

That's okay, go ahead.

"I'm ready to learn. What's the first thing to do?"

Find a girl friend.

"A girlfriend?"

GILBERT GOTTFRIED'S HOW NOT TO GET LAID



(by just about any woman)

HOW TO GET LAID

No, not a girlfriend. A girl (pause) friend!

"What's that?"

That's when you and a girl are "just friends." It's a perfect way not to get laid!

"That sounds great! How do I do it?"

Simple. Just order my book and I'll show you how to become a guy who's easy to talk to. The kind of guy who makes a girl say: "You're not like the jerks I meet. I can talk to you." Or: "Guess what! Someone asked me if you and I were going out! (Chuckle, chuckle, tee-hee.) Let's never have sex and ruin our friendship."

"That's terrific. What else should I do?"

Make a girl like you! Remember, every guy a girl ever went out with was an "asshole," so make a girl like you. Once a girl likes you, she'll never fuck you!

"Okay, now I've got a girl (pause) friend. What else can I do to make them not touch me?"

Find a great opening line! I've given you plenty of them in my new book, Gilbert Gottfried's *How Not to Get Laid*.

"Like what?"

Well, next time you're at a bar, walk

up to a girl and say: "Hey, lady, you wanna see me piss blood?" Or "Damn it, I thought penicillin was a wonder drug."

"That sounds pretty farfetched."

It's not, it works. I guarantee it. I'll even teach you the newest techniques that will ensure your not getting laid.

"Like what?"

Dating a dyke.

"But that's cheating!"

Well, I beg to differ. We live in a society where every so-called straight woman is desperate for a male. Why, you can't leave the house without hordes of sex-crazed females trying to rip off your knickers and get at your two inches of burning-hot lead! Come on, guys. Desperate times call for desperate measures! So, date a dyke.

"But where can you find them?"

There are several places—Women Against Porn meetings, for example. Or look for any girl reading a book with a title like *A Collection of Literature by Contemporary Women Authors*. I'll also show you how to meet other guys who never get laid. It's easy! Just go to places like:

- 1) Star Trek conventions
- 2) The lobbies of Star Trek

conventions

3) Anywhere within a ten-block radius of a Star Trek convention.



Ariane Gottfried

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Hi, I'm Gilbert Gottfried, the author of *How Not to Get Laid*. Remember, getting laid is the coward's life. Be brave! Just remember my motto, "Why do you think they call it pussy?" You have my personal guarantee: Follow my book and never again will you steer your steamboat willie into the hair aquarium.

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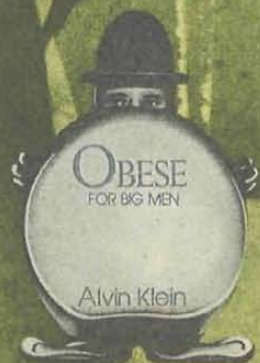
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FOR BIG MEN



Alvin Klein

FOTO FUNNIES



W

hat is it? Come on, guess. Pick the magazine up and turn it over and over and shake it gently to see if it rattles. "Hmmm..." you say, "what could it possibly be?" Give up? Why, it's *money!* Yes, fabulous, wonderful money—secret treasure of the moderns. Isn't it nice? We knew you'd love

it. It goes with everything, and it's always in good taste to have plenty of beautiful, fashionable money. Don't you think so? Say thank you.

What? What's that? You say you don't see any money? Well...to tell the absolute completely honest truth, we aren't giving you any money after all. What we're giving you is a gift certificate. And all you can get with it is a five-dollar discount on a subscription to the same magazine that gave it to you. Some treat, huh? Oh well, at least it's *sort of* like money. I mean you can buy something with it. *Part* of something, anyway. Well, part of *one* thing, actually. If you were prettier, it might have been a nice brooch.

Okay, now, fill in your name, address, and anything else asked for in the certificate, write out a check for the term of subscription to the *National Lampoon* you would like (one year, two years, or three years), subtracting *five dollars* from the amount listed for each of those periods. For example, if you want a one-year subscription, which normally costs \$11.95, subtract five bucks and write out a check for \$6.95. If you have no check of your own, get a money order or bank check. You still get the five-dollar savings. If you have a checking account but there's no money in it, don't—let's repeat that—don't send it to us. Send it to *Playboy*.

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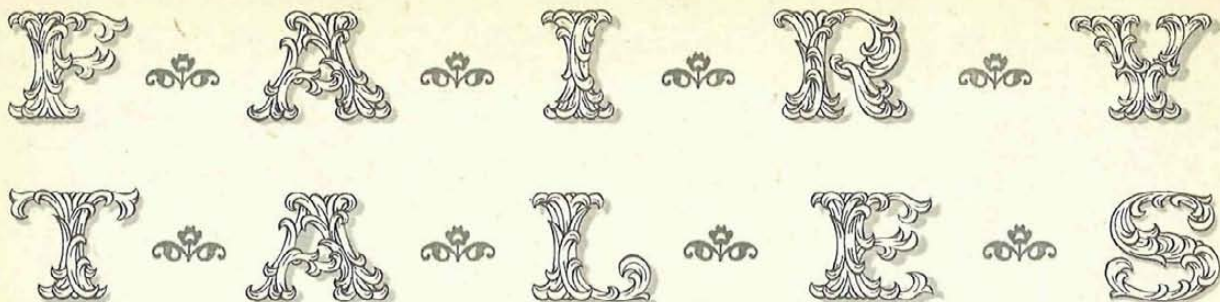
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by Tony Kisch

The Chickenhawk and the Milk Jugs



Once, in the tiny village of Heterogh, which nestled in a lush valley far in the hinterlands, there lived Claudio, the eldest son of the town's dairyman. Though tall, young, and handsome, and heir to his father's fine farm, Claudio nonetheless led a quite wretched life, for he was the only swish in all the valley. Even as a child, he had always helped his mother and sisters with the household chores, while his manly younger brothers tilled the fields. To add to the family's disgrace, the young Claudio had often been seen parading shamelessly through the countryside, clad in his sisters' clothing, his rugged face caked with powder and streaked with paint. At first, his enraged father tried to beat his son into conformity. Again and again he had reddened the boy's buttocks with his heavy belt, but to no avail. In truth, the lad seemed to

enjoy these floggings immensely, squealing with delight as he urged his father to lay on the blows ever harder. At last the old man gave up his efforts. In his despair, the father took to strong drink, and soon thereafter he died of a broken heart.

After a decent interval of mourning, the old man's will was read to the family, and no one was surprised to learn that Claudio was to inherit very little. His brothers were given the farm, the livestock, and almost everything else of value. As for poor Claudio, though the eldest, he was to receive only "two large jugs of milk, and nothing more." His brothers danced about the room with glee at their good fortune, and taunted Claudio with more relish than ever. "Just think," crowed one brother, "for the first time our little pansy shall lay his hands on a pair of jugs! Ho-ho!" Everyone laughed heartily at this cruel jest, but Claudio ignored them all, for he had a plan.

As soon as Claudio saw the two large jugs, filled to overflowing with fresh milk, a wide smile came to his face. He took a strong stick and tied one jug securely to each end. Then, dressed in a fine frock and a sassy pair of high heels, Claudio lifted the stick across his shoulders and wobbled happily down the road toward the village. Though his burden was heavy, he barely noticed, for his mind was filled with wondrous thoughts about the future:

"What a wonderful day," thought Claudio happily. "This fine milk shall fetch me a pretty penny in the village. With that money I shall be able to take the coach to the big city, where there are many others like me . . . some say even the Lord Mayor himself!" The lad could not help chuckling as he continued to daydream. "Once in the city I shall become a very popular male prostitute, and soon my pockets will bulge with gold. With that money I shall buy fine clothes and jewelry, and the price of my favors shall rise even higher. Soon I will have more gold than before, and with it I shall buy a spacious apartment, w/fplc., 4 bdrm., and sunk. lr. I shall lure young boys there, addict them to drugs, and run a thriving white slavery ring by appointment only. The very richest and most influential chickenhawks shall beat a path to my door, and I will live happily ever after."

So caught up in his schemes was Claudio that he failed to see a deep rut in the road. Only a few steps from the village, he caught one of his high heels in the rut and stumbled, spilling every last precious drop of milk onto the ground. As Claudio wailed and sobbed, a crowd gathered and began playfully pelting him with stones, and from this was born the saying: "Do not count your chickens before they are snatched."

The Boy Who Came Out of the Closet



Jill Karla Schwarz

Long, long ago, before the age of alternate lifestyles, in a beautiful kingdom by the sea, there ruled a young monarch named King Fyodor. He was known to all as Fyodor the Fickle, for he enjoyed the pleasure of boys as well as girls. His loyal subjects forgave him this vice, however, for he was a kind and just ruler, who only rarely taxed them beyond the point of starvation.

When the time came for him to marry and produce an heir, King Fyodor sent his trusty knights to scour the kingdom in search of the loveliest maiden in the land. One day, though, while selecting some velvet with which to cushion the royal commode, Fyodor chanced to see a girl more ravishing than he had dreamed possible. She was Harpy, the beloved daughter of a rich Jewish fabric merchant, who had spoiled

her terribly. Truly smitten, the king rushed to her side and exclaimed, "Oh lovely maiden! Marry me and you shall be queen of all the realm!"

"Oh, all right," she sniffed haughtily. "But first you must promise to never again dally with other men."

"Very well," gulped Fyodor. "You have my oath of honor."

And so they were wed. At first, all was sublime; the happy newlyweds were virtually inseparable. All too soon, though, their love began to curdle. The king chided his wife for draining the royal treasury to satisfy her greed for clothing and jewels. For her part, the queen publicly proclaimed her husband a niggardly miser; worse still, she began to rebuff his amorous advances. Fyodor interpreted the latter as a betrayal of marital vows, thus freeing him from his oath of honor. In a frustrated rage, Fyodor called for Crookshanks, his gnarled old manservant and erstwhile procurer. "Crookshanks!" bellowed the king. "Fetch me a young boy at once!"

"B-but sire," spluttered the toothless old fellow. "Have you forgotten your oath of—"

"Never mind that!" exploded Fyodor. "Just do as I command! And make certain he is plump, and free of disease!"

"Yes, sire," muttered the faithful Crookshanks as he hobbled off to do his master's bidding. Soon he had returned with a fine young lad.

"Now, Crookshanks," instructed the king, handing the old cripple a bell, "station yourself outside my door, and be sure to ring this bell if you see the queen approach." With that, Fyodor took the boy into the royal bedchamber and closed the door.

Shortly thereafter, just as the king was slipping on his studded dog collar, there came a frantic ringing of the bell. "Curses upon her!" muttered Fyodor. "Quick, lad, untie me and hide yourself under the bed. Do not come out until I say 'All is well!'" Just as the boy scrambled under the bed, the queen entered the bedchamber. Without a word she lay down and slept soundly until the next morning. As soon as she had gone, the king finally cried, "All is well!" and the poor lad crawled out from under the bed. The king gave him a few coins and bade him return that night.

The second night was much like the first. Once more Harpy interrupted the king's pleasure, only this time the boy had only just enough time to hide behind the royal curtains. The poor wretch stood there all night, until the king could safely say, "All is well."

On the third night, Fyodor, now thoroughly vexed, ordered Crookshanks to fetch him the boy once again. Sure enough, the queen once more disturbed the king's frolic, only this time the youth hid in the royal closet. During the night, however, Harpy suddenly sat up in fright.

"Fyodor," hissed the queen. "Get up! I hear someone prowling about!" Grumpily the king roused himself and gave the premises a cursory inspection. Finding nothing, he came back to bed and, forgetting himself, said, "Calm yourself, woman. All is well!" Suddenly, the youth sprang from his hiding place, and before the startled queen could say a word, Fyodor, tired of being a mouse in his own castle, loudly bellowed, "Get out of my chamber, oh greedy wench! I far prefer boys, and I care not who knows it!" Faced with such rage, the queen fled the castle, leaving Fyodor a happy pederast till the end of his days. And that, dear readers, was the first time a homosexual came out of the closet.



Rumpandforeskin



In a certain kingdom once lived a poor miller whose only son, Percival, was a flaming pouf. Nevertheless, the miller was very proud of him, and he one day told the king that his son could tastefully decorate an entire living room in one night, and for only five pieces of gold. Now the king was a bit of a fruit himself, and when he heard the miller's boast, his curiosity was aroused, and he ordered the youth brought before him. Then Percival was led to an empty chamber and given five pieces of gold. The king then said, "This room must be beautifully decorated by morning, or you shall be put to death." Vainly did Percival protest that he could do no such thing, and he was left to his task.

The youth was sitting on the floor of the barren room, bemoaning his fate, when suddenly an ugly little man with one wooden leg stumped his way through the door. "Greetings to you, good homo," he said. "What are you weeping for?"

"Alas," answered Percival, "I must decorate this room in exquisite taste by morning, and I know not how to do it."

"What would you give me," asked the little man, "if I were to do it for you?"

"All that I own—five pieces of gold."

"Very well," said the little man, and with a snap of his fingers the room was done up in marvy high-tech, with muted colors and track lighting.

When the king came and saw this, he cried, "Fabulous!!!" and promptly gave Percival a fresh task; this time the king bade him decorate his summer cottage in one night, for ten pieces of gold or less. Once more the young fellow wept helplessly, and once again the funny little man appeared, asking, "What will you give for completing *this* job?"

"All I have," answered Percival. "Ten pieces of gold." And in the twinkling of an eye, the entire cottage was decked out in flawless Louis XIV, including gold-plated bidets.

When the king saw this, he again cried, "Fabulous!!!" and set the miller's son one last task: "You must decorate my castle for fifty pieces of gold, and in reward I shall proclaim you Designer of the Realm."

Sure enough, the little man came that night to the castle, but this time he had other than money in mind. "Good pervert," he said, "keep your fifty pieces of gold. For payment you must promise that when your name is on everyone's britches, you will marry my daughter. Here is her picture."

The little man's daughter was a three-hundred-pound slob, with just a trace of five o'clock shadow on her chin. Knowing not what else to do, Percival gave the little man his word. Instantly the king's castle was so magnificently appointed that it rivaled the Taj Majal itself.

Needless to say, the king was overjoyed, and Percival was duly appointed Designer of the Realm. Soon forgetting his promise, the cocky youth ordered a line of "designer britches" to be made, each with a golden "Percival" stitched on the seat. These britches were an instant success, and soon the little man was at Percival's door, his slovenly daughter in tow.

Upon being pressed to keep his promise, the young man broke down and sobbed uncontrollably. Finally, the little man took a bit of pity on him and said, "I shall allow you three days. If in that time you can guess my name, I will release you from your promise."

All that night, Percival tossed and turned, thinking of as many names as he could. When the little man came in the morning, the youth began with Hector, Augustus, Llewelyn, and every other name he could remember, but the little man smiled and said after each, "That is not my name."

On the second day Percival desperately sent his many friends out to inquire everywhere for unusual names. When the little man came by, the frightened young fruit tried comical ones, like Stumpy, Gimpy Crip, and scores more, but the devilish little imp only smiled and said after each, "That is not my name."

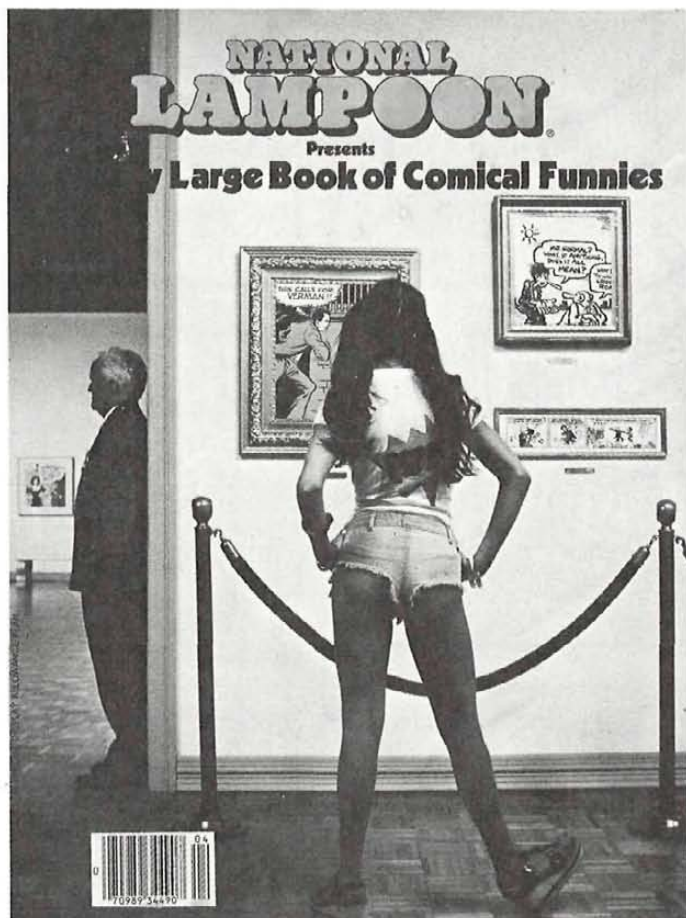
That night one of his friends arrived to tell Percival some news. He had been deep in the woods when he happened upon a funny little one-legged man who danced about and sang: "Bread from dust, wine from water/At last I'll be rid of my daughter./Isn't it a lovely shame/That Rumpandforeskin is my name!"

Percival jumped for joy. When the little man came the next morning, the youth asked, "Is it Tom?" "No!" "Is it Dick?" "No!" "Can it be... Rumpandforeskin?"

Upon hearing that, the little man ranted and raved, cursing Percival and his friends; they, in turn, only laughed and, linked hand to hand, off they skipped to their favorite bathhouse. And no one saw the little man, or his ugly daughter, ever again. ■

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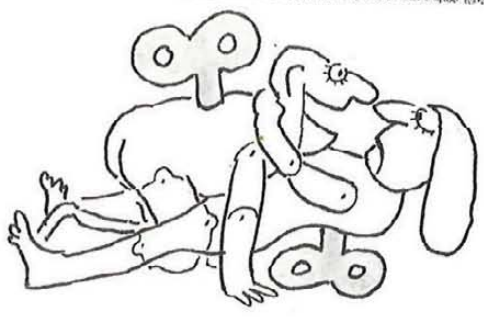
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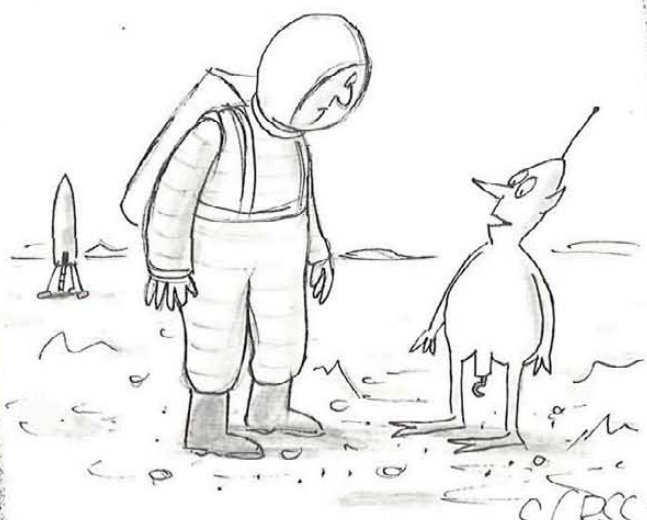


"I came in you, but don't worry, it's only 3-in-One oil."

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"Oh that? That's the tree of carnal knowledge."

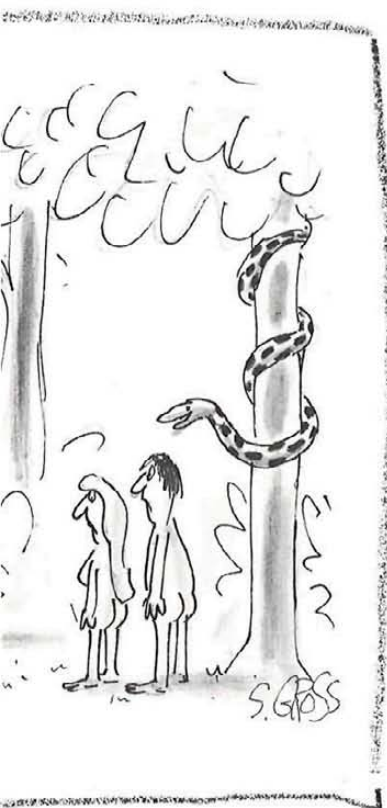


"On this planet we're heavily into S&M."

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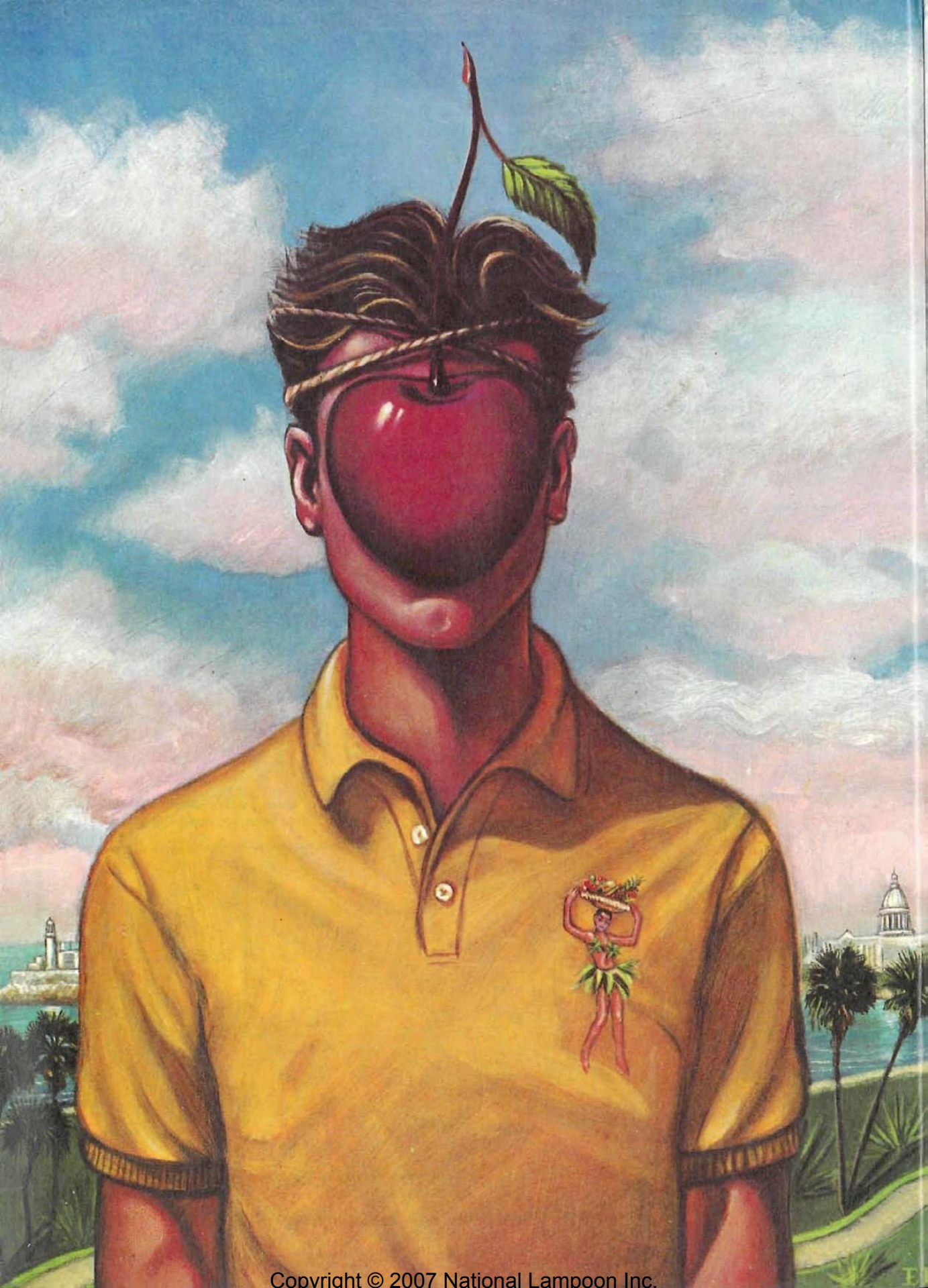
"I begged her not to douche with the new Coke."



"Gosh, I don't believe I've ever been laid in an egg cup before."



"They're a new strain. You no longer have to wear boots."



My First Time

by Bernie X.
As told to Gerry Sussman

I'm on a lunch break with a bunch of my pals who drive cabs. We bullshit a lot about how much we lose betting on the Mets and Yankees. But no matter where we start we always end up bullshitting about the same thing—pussy. These guys are almost fifty and they still talk about pussy as if they were sixteen. The conversation starts getting serious. Everybody is talking about the first time they got laid, when they lost their cherry. One of the guys lost it at a crazy party in Harlem. Some other guys say they went to whores in the Bronx (the Bronx used to have these special whores that took your virginity). Some guys even had girlfriends who did it for them. They were waiting for me to give them my story. They knew it would be a pisser. It was a pisser, all right.

It happened to me when I was sixteen, in 1959. Most people think I was born fucking. Not true. I was a late bloomer. At sixteen I was still climbing the walls. Everybody I knew was getting it except me. I was younger than the guys I hung out with by two, three years. Some of them already had the experience, the know-how. They had wallets with a permanent condom imprint on them from always being bagged up. The real make-out artists knew how to whisper the right sweet nothings in a girl's ear to make her blush and get hot. I didn't know what to say to girls. I was tongue-tied.

After a while my friends felt sorry for me. They wanted to get me laid but the more they tried the harder it got. I wasn't a bad-looking kid. I just didn't

seem to have the chemistry.

That's when my friend Rico Salvatori came to my rescue. Rico, or "the Reec," as we used to call him, was the leader of our group. They didn't make them any cooler than the Reec. He used to read every newspaper from start to finish every day. He could quote you stock market prices and batting averages. He had connections—uncles and cousins in the Mob. He traveled to L.A. and Vegas. He met movie stars and claimed he had fucked Lana Turner and her daughter, the one who stabbed Lana's boyfriend. The Reec was eighteen and already a man of the world. He looked a little like Tony Curtis, with the dark, wavy hair and the dimple in the chin. The Reec was making his connections with the right people. He was on his way, no doubt about it.

He was also the big lover of the neighborhood. So when the Reec said he'd take care of me, I knew I was in like Flynn. About a month went by and nothing happened. I figured maybe the Reec was pulling my prick. I asked him about it a few times and he kept telling me to hold my water, don't get my bowels in an uproar.

Then one day he hands me a plane ticket. Guess what? Me, the Reec, Johnny Ginzo, Irv Stupek, or "Shtuppy," as we called him, and Marty Krell are all going to Havana, Cuba, for a vacation—all arranged by the Reec. The Reec has a cousin, Guido, who's a big wheel at the gambling casino down there. Guido wants the Reec to work for him, and maybe he'll hire a few other guys, some of Reec's friends. So why don't all the boys come down to Havana, learn about

the casino, talk a little business, have a little fun, and maybe even get laid a little—all expenses paid. The Reec says that getting laid a little in Havana is another way of saying that you're going to fuck yourself into a coma. His cousin is loaded. He's got a big house with seven bedrooms and four maids. Three of the maids fuck like minks. Why not the fourth? I ask. Because she's eighty-seven and can only do it twice a week, the Reec answers. I told you he was cool and he was very fast with the retorts.

This was Havana before Castro took over. They don't make cities like Havana anymore. I've been to most of the big pussy centers of the world since then—Rio, Madagascar, Hong Kong—but they couldn't lay a glove on Havana in its prime. Just thinking about Havana gives me a hard-on. So you can imagine what it was like for five of the horniest guys in New York when we got off that plane. I was so worked up I wished I had two cocks.

We were staying at Guido's house, but he was very busy that night, so he told us to relax and do the town, get a feel of the place and get a feel of the broads. The next day he'd have time to show us the casino and talk about our futures. Without batting an eyelash Guido peeled off five hundred bucks for each of us as fucking-around money. That's five hundred bucks in 1959. Today that would be about five thousand. He gave us the addresses of the best bars and whorehouses in the city. I had to pinch myself to believe I was standing in the middle of the sexiest city in the world on a beautiful night with nothing to do but spend

continued on page 58



DOING SLIME

Confessions of a Stroke Book Editor

by Nina Malkin

Some people call it pornography, others call it erotica. To me, it was simply smut, pure slime. A dirty job, but somebody had to do it. For several years, I was employed by a publisher of popular "adult entertainment" magazines. I held a variety of different positions, some of which caused severe muscle spasms. I've been on the bottom, and I've been on the top. Being in the middle was pretty interesting, too.

I confess that in the beginning, I was quite naive. I thought S&M was a kind of trading stamp. When someone inquired if I knew anything about scatology, I said, "Sure. Sure I do. I minored in scat in college!"

The rest of the editorial staff—the basic blend of prematurely balding or toupeed Jewish guys with perpetually perspiring upper lips, and survivors of strict Catholic parochial school educations—regarded me as a curiosity. After all, what was this broad, with no breasts to speak of, doing at a sleazy stroke book? The only other woman in the office was the receptionist, The Mouth That Scored. She was deaf in one ear, and English was her third or fourth language, but it wasn't what came out of her mouth that kept her employed.

One of my first responsibilities was to work on the letters. Yes, of course they're real. The most perverted person on the planet could never, on his or her own, compete with the sick minds of the multitudes. However, since most of the juiciest, raunchiest letters came scrawled almost indecipherably in red crayon, they had to be edited. We got

sacks of mail. Nearly 90 percent of the letters started the same way: "I am presently incarcerated for a crime I did not commit." We often got hate mail from members of that charming coffee klatch, Women Against Pornography. Oh, how I wished them all a terminal case of klatch rot. We also got repent notices from various born-again groups: "For the wages of sin is death; Romans 6:23," they wrote. I didn't worry because my wages were so piffling, but it astounded me that some people actually believed smut was evil, dangerous. Smut celebrated, advocated, encouraged, and even enhanced feeling good—so how could that be bad? Don't those righteous souls realize that if you don't play with yourself you could go blind?

Some letters, usually the ones in the official Dannemora or Ossining envelopes, came complete with samples of the correspondents' sexual prowess, usually close-up snapshots of fully erect dicks, clippings of pubic hair, smatterings of spunk. I sorted the mail wearing rubber gloves. The most inventive letters by far came from horny housewives, like the one from the Mississippi matron who kept a bullfrog in her bloomers.

I became adept at writing erotic girl copy: "Nancy is a nuclear physicist who enjoys children and animals," the caption beneath a bored, spread-eagled bimbo would read. Before long, I was promoted to copy editor, the person who makes sure all the dirty words are spelled correctly and establishes the tone for the magazine, deciding whether or not to hyphenate hard-on and blowjob, checking the dictionary to see if one adds an "e" when pluralizing dildo, etc. Soon I could insert "fuck,

suck, cock, pussy, tits, and ass" in one sentence. A complete, properly constructed sentence, to be sure.

I pushed my nookie to the grindstone and continued up the ladder of success. Ambitious, I wanted to prove that I had the right stuff. Or in this case, the white stuff. Every day, it collected in a puddle in my panty crotch.

I told my boss, the editor in chief, who probably would have become a priest had he not become a pornmeister, that I needed a challenge, that I wanted to do something meaty. He promptly dropped his drawers. Then I explained that I wanted to expand my role, not my hole, so he let me look at dirty pictures. I would help select the models who appeared in our magazines.

I started by reorganizing the essential slut file. The slut file consisted of Polaroid shots, submitted by photographers, of new "talent." I maintained the file alphabetically by model's name, noting on the back of the photo her measurements, age, height, and my own comments. Things like "boobs hang below belly button," "pimples on ass," "thighs the consistency of cottage cheese." Many models, hoping to look special and separate themselves from the pack, had distinguishing characteristics. They shaved, dyed, or dreadlocked their pubic hair. They got tattoos in the most imaginative places. They pierced their nipples and/or pussy lips. Talk about a casting ouch.

I soon started editing the hundreds of slides contributed by photographers, narrowing them down to the ten or twelve shots that would compose a pictorial. I became an expert on tits: her mammaries were large, ripe melons; her perfect

handfuls were firm and round as apples; her gigantic jugs jiggled like a couple of grapefruits in a plastic bag; her sweet mounds were topped with succulent cherries. It was driving me bananas. When I picked fruit in the supermarket, I didn't just squeeze, I caressed—then I checked for signs of sag.

I realized I had boobs on the brain because of a sense of inadequacy about my own set. You see, when God was handing out first-quality merchandise in the mammary department, I was haggling over a second helping of sparkling wit. Some girls, I discovered, had tits like fruit, while I had all the pits. Not that

having great tits is such a big deal, a matter of earth-shattering importance or anything. Unless you happen to be a woman.

Twats, too, became part of the territory. I must have examined more specimens of female genitalia than a Park Avenue gynecologist. Pussies, I learned, were like fingerprints, no two alike. In fact, I began identifying models by their twats, giving them cute little nicknames. Like the slit that looked so open and yet so dangerous that I called it the Gulf of Sidra. Another, a thin, pallid thing between a pair of anorectically skinny thighs, was known as Diet Slice.

Yet in spite of all the variety, pussies were a sticky subject. Because we don't really live in a free country, cunts are wide open to censorship. For example, a model can use all ten fingers to peel apart her labia but is forbidden from sticking even one of those digits inside her snatch. Natural, no (how many women do you know who masturbate by pulling open their pussy lips? How many women do you know who masturbate? How many women do you know . . .), but any form of insertion constitutes hard-core. You wouldn't be able to purchase such a magazine, as an afterthought, of course, along with the quart of motor oil, container of o.j., package of razor blades, and bag of malted-milk balls at your local 7-Eleven while you told the cashier how much you really enjoyed the articles.

Another bone of contention was hard-ons. We could never publish a picture of a guy with his periscope up without forcing the magazine underground. The correct euphemism for limp-dicked but not totally uninterested is "maximum tumescence in repose."

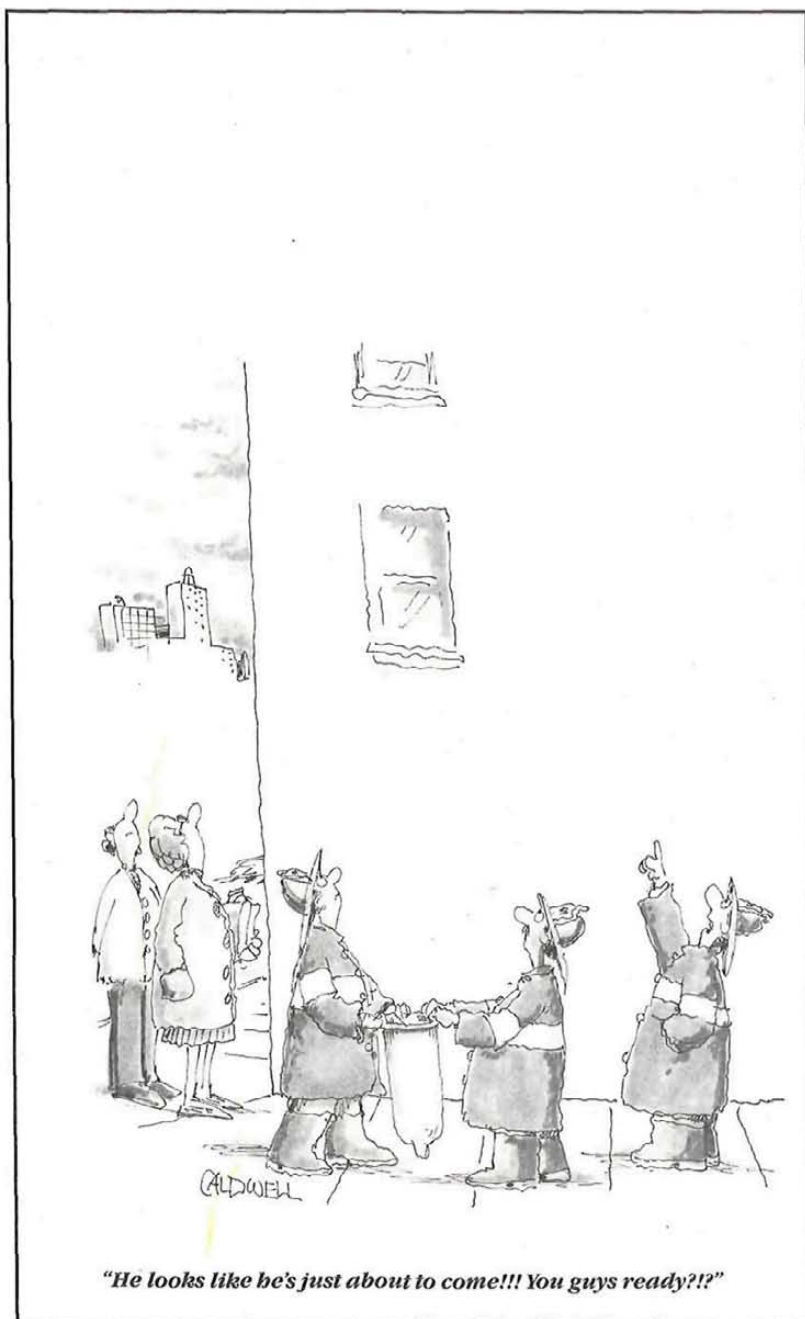
So we had to be very careful. We couldn't give 'em the real thing; instead we gave them simulation, suggestion, sensual mystery . . . all very poor substitutes.

It was at about this time in my career that a nasty streak I never knew I had began to surface. I was very discriminating. Some of the guys in the office thought anything with a pink, open hole suitable for framing. My tastes were more refined, and I'd reject models for any number of reasons. I remember once balking, "But we can't put this bimbo in the centerfold! Look—her nail polish is chipped!"

Our need for new faces was insatiable. Although most of the stuff printed in adult entertainment magazines is photographed in Europe or on the West Coast, aspiring models did, from time to time, come up to our New York office to audition. I felt like a clerk at Sluts "R" Us, but I was the only employee capable of telling an eighteen-year-old girl, whose mother or equally terrifying boyfriend waited in the reception area, to strip naked, bend over, spread her cheeks, and wink for the Polaroid without spilling coffee or otherwise visibly wetting myself. Everyone thought I was so cool and composed. Little did they know that for the first time since I stopped doing what my mother told me to (age seven), I started lining the toilet seat with tissue before sitting down to pee whenever one of the hopeful harlots happened by. When bona fide porn stars visited, I held it in all day.

Still, I worked hard. Sex, sex, sex . . . I ate, drank, and slept it. A professional


continued on page 80



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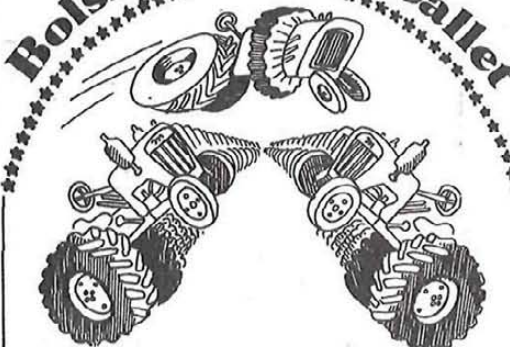


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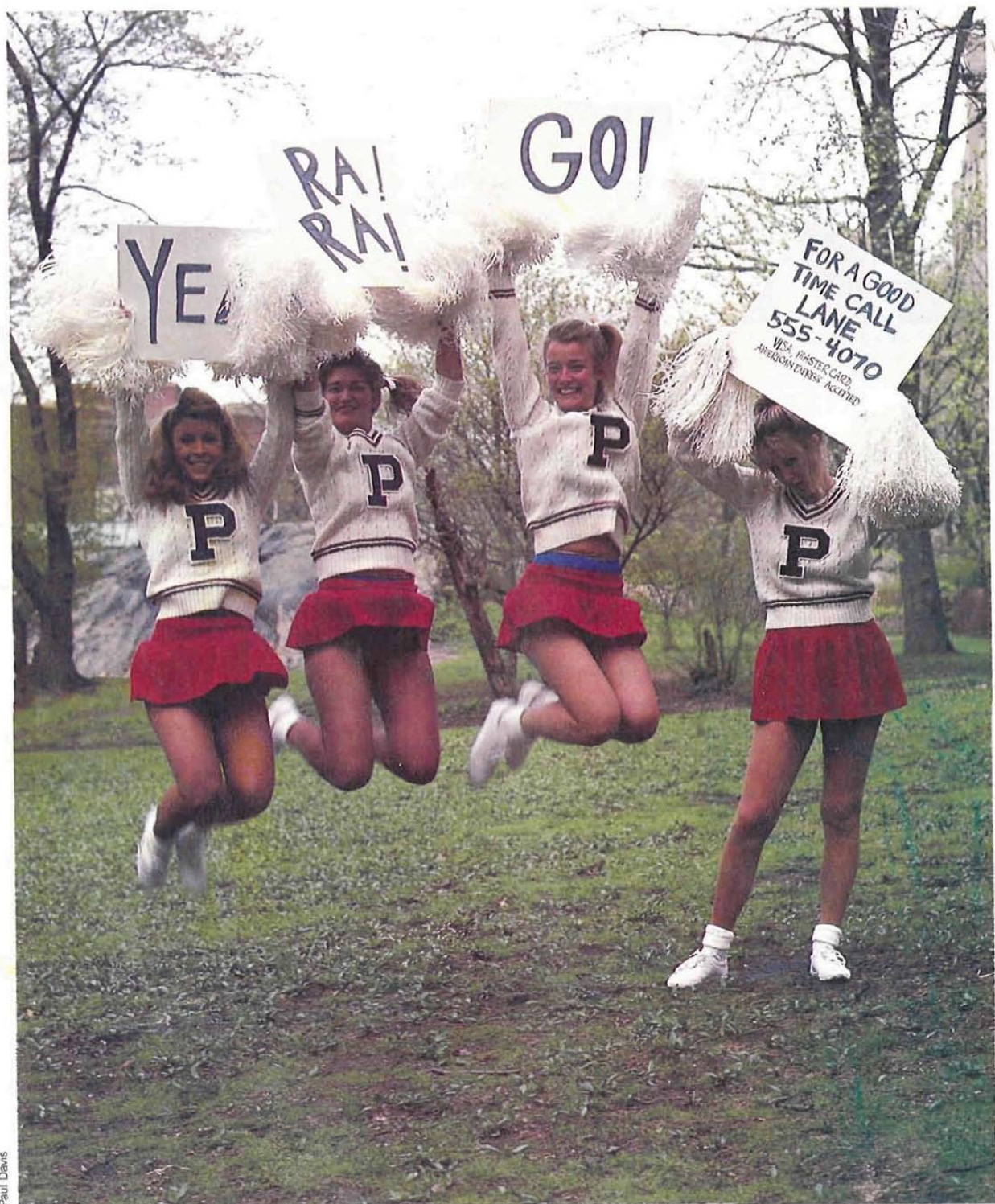
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At Princeton a lady named Lane
Had a terribly intricate brain.
She could do magic tricks
With balls and with sticks
That drove the whole golf team insane.

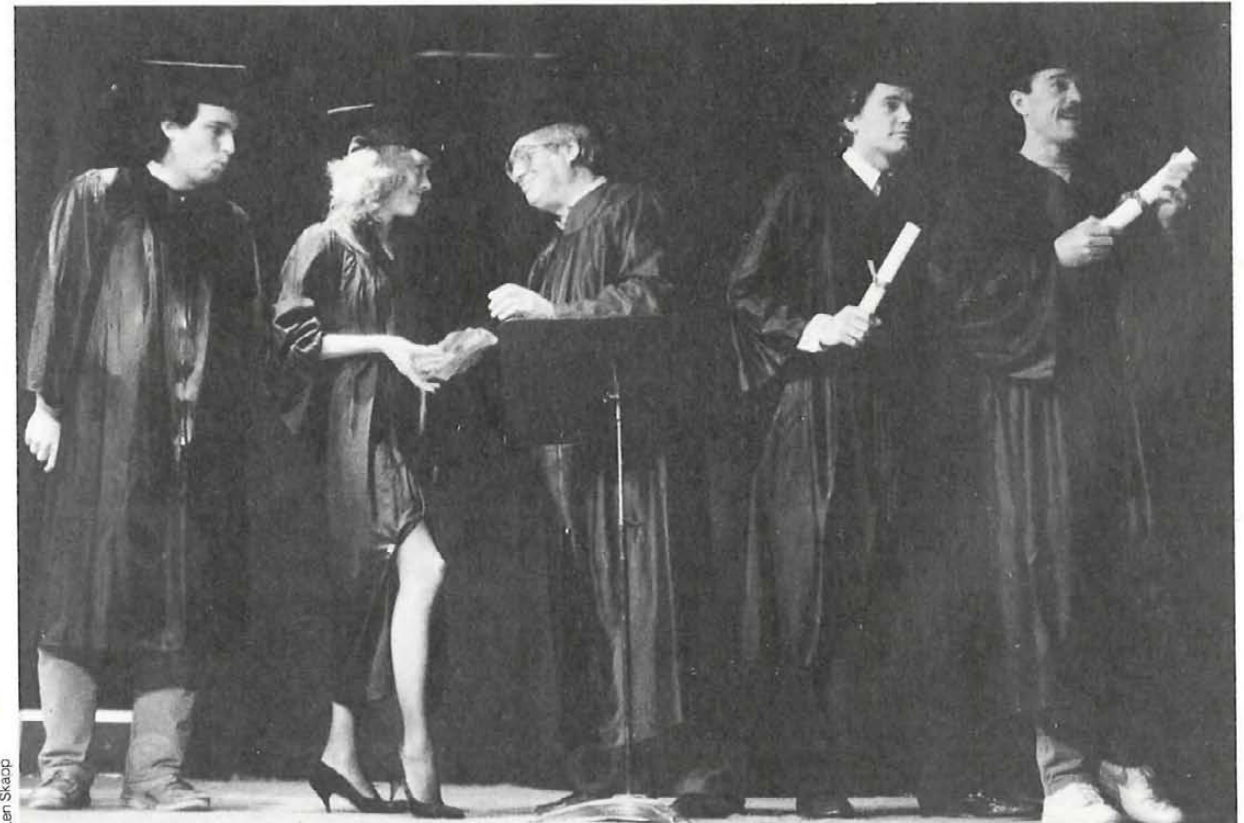
Len Skaapp



**This one is Mavis from Yale,
She's now doing post-grad in jail.
You see, as a frosh,
Her house was quite posh,
With a sign reading "This one's for sale!"**

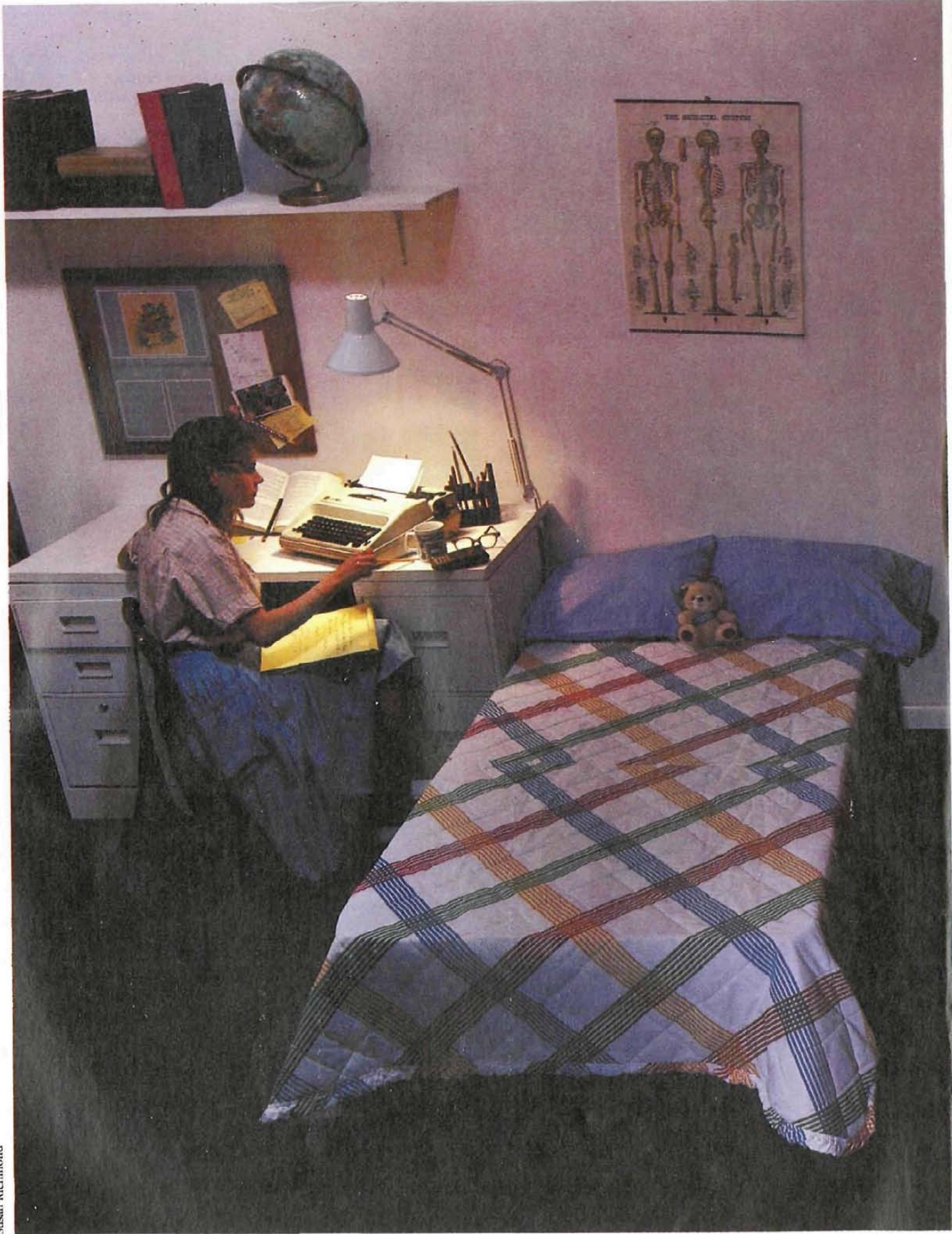
**The lady is Helen of Brown,
Her aim is a black cap and gown.
To pay for pre-dental
And bills monumental
She makes lots of dough going down.**

Len Skaapp

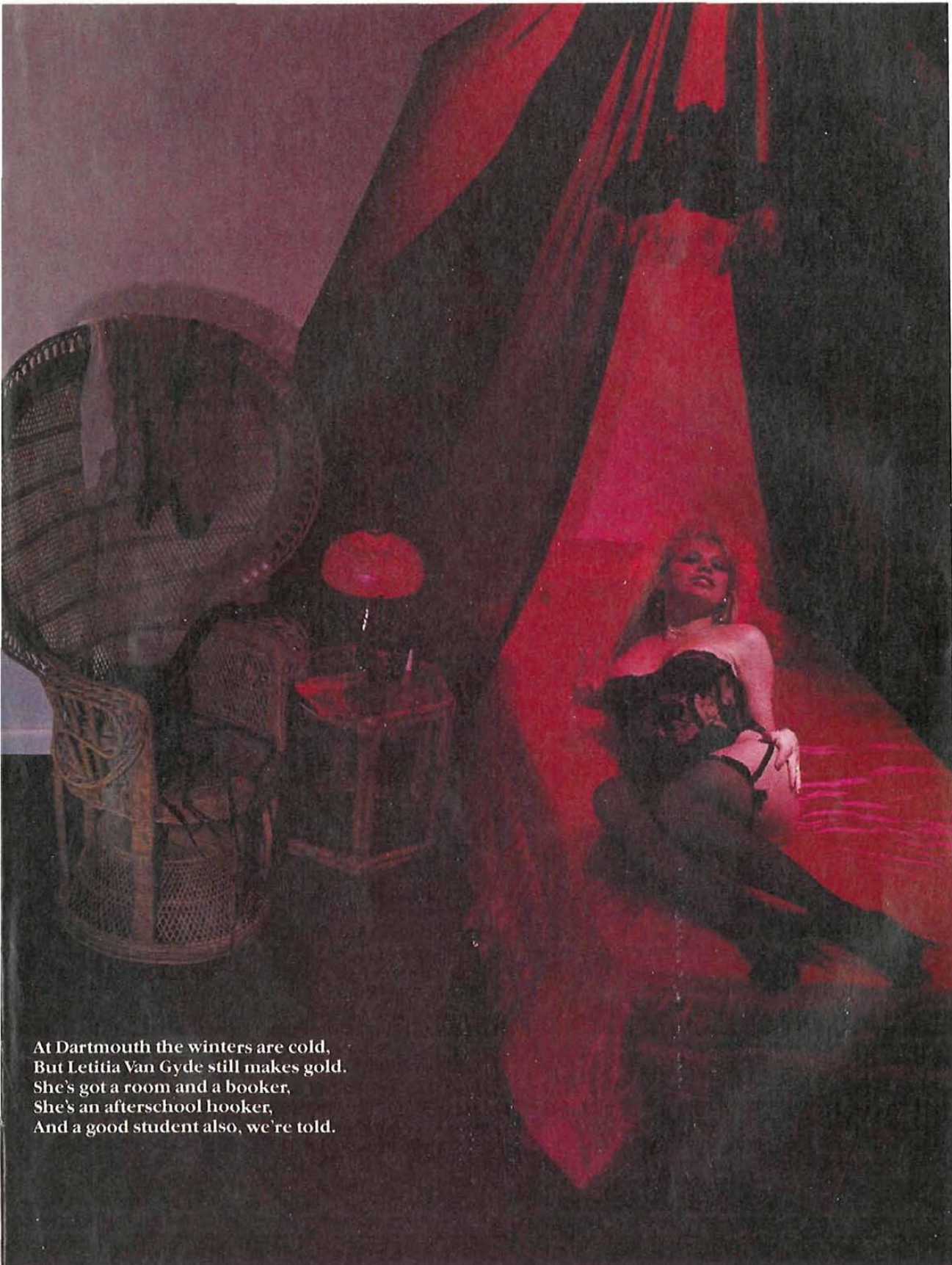


Len Skaapp

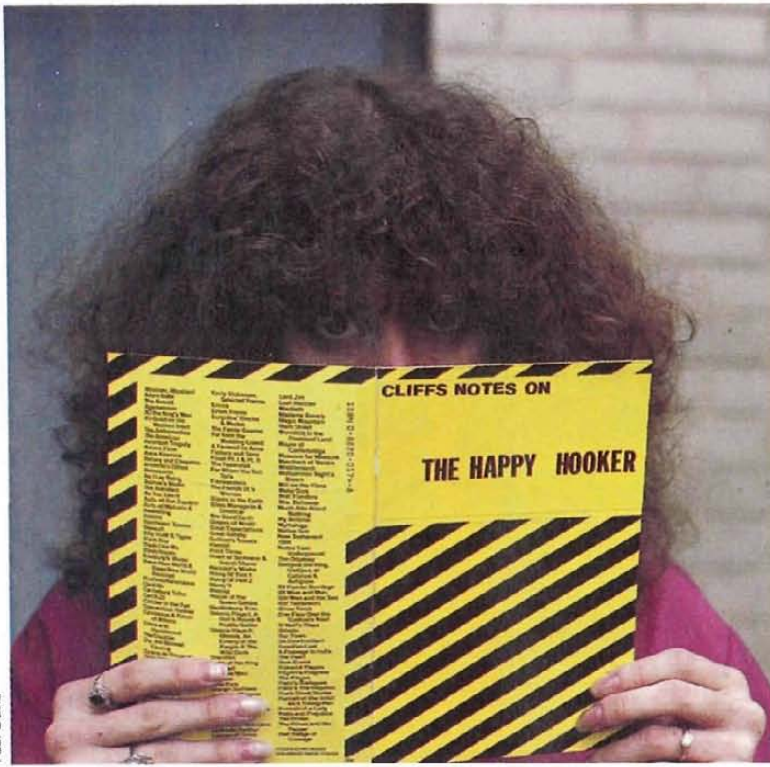
**This is Lolita from Penn,
Who often made deals with men.
You see, for a buck
She'd strip down and fuck,
And between classes she'd do it again.**



Susan Richmond



At Dartmouth the winters are cold,
But Letitia Van Gyde still makes gold.
She's got a room and a booker,
She's an afterschool hooker,
And a good student also, we're told.



Paul Davis

Prunella came from Bryn Mawr,
 To her that old school was a bore.
 Her major's pre-med,
 She minors in bed,
 'Cause at Harvard they all pay to score.



The Bettmann Archive

Virginia, she's really a Lion,
 The trustees all think she's quite fine.
 She works Morningside Heights
 And other fine sites,
 On a scale up to ten, she's a nine.



THE NONSEXIST SUTRA OF VATSANAYM

*Being an Excerpt from the Classic Hindu Treatise on Love, Cleansed of
Derogatory Job Titles As Formerly Applied to Gals with Nice Yonis*

Translated by Sir Derek Pell

Chapter VI. On the Various Ways of Lying Down, and the Different Kinds of Congress

On the occasion of a "high congress," a flight attendant should lie down in such a way as to widen her yoni so that the captain's lingam may make a "safe landing."

When a stevedore raises her thighs and keeps them wide apart and engages in congress with a member of organized crime, it is called the "longshoreperson's tea."

When a hatcheck attendant or table server removes her undergarments, it is called the "open invitation." At such a time, a member of Congress should apply some unguent, so as to make his grand entrance as easy as pie.

When a shapely meteorologist or weathercaster employs her mouth in the service of a lingam, and thus engages in oral congress, it is called the "warm air mass" or "Divine Tex" position, and is learned only by much practice during gale storms. This position is also useful in the case of "wind shear" during "highest congress."

When the legs of both a fisher and a yachtsperson are entwined during congress at sea, it is called "baiting the hook." It is of two kinds, the "bow and scrape" position and the "stern small-craft warning" position, depending on the size of the boat or the dimensions of the fisher's pole, respectively.

When a household supervisor forcibly traps the lingam of a traveling salesperson in her yoni (after it has been safely testicle-marketed), it is called the "hard sell" position. After congress is adjourned it may be referred to as either "soft sell" or "bargain basement closeout."

When a small businessperson* raises both her legs and wraps them around the head of a customer, it is called the "martini lunch."

When a meter maidperson stands on her hands and feet like a quadruped in heat, and a pedestrian mounts her from the rear, it is called the "free parking" or "loading zone" position.

When a curvaceous crane operator engages in congress with a building inspector while balanced atop a steel girder protruding from a semi-erect skyscraper, it is called "greasing the flagpole."

When a well-hung stableperson enjoys two voluptuous equestrians (both of whom have mastered the art of neck-and-necking), it is called "the Triple Crown."

When a Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court enjoys a harem comprised of clerks and stenographers, it is called "the lay of the land" or "revolving door justice."

Many professional football players enjoy a willing souvenir vendor. The players may *bumaneuver* her into unnatural positions, either one after the other or at the same time. This is called "good sportspersonship." Thus one of them holds the vendor, another enjoys her upper charms, a third uses her mouth, a fourth makes do with the backside, while the fifth enters her yoni for a "touchdown." In this way they may go on enjoying her various parts alternately until everyone has scored.

The same things may be done when several Heads of State are sitting in the company of a buxom journalist.**

Thus ends the various kinds of congress. There is a most significant sutra on the subject, as follows:

"An ingenious person should multiply the kinds of congress after the beasts and the birds. His knowledge will surely win him the love and respect of every damn yoni!"

* A person whose diminutive yoni is for sale to persons possessing a mighty lingam.
**Especially if she aspires to anchorpersonhood.

The Secret Sexual Body Language of Senior Citizens

by Dr. Mark Groubert

Introduction

In the past few years a new, exciting science has appeared on the scene. It is the study of body language. Never before has a new discipline revealed so much about so many in such a short period of time.

Clinical studies have unearthed an untapped wealth of knowledge concerning the nonverbal communication that is generated via body language.

Such phrases as "Keep your chin up," "Shrug it off," "Keep a stiff upper lip," "Grit your teeth," and "Get your finger out of your ass" have long been thought of as mere verbal clichés. Now, after many years of analysis and millions of dollars in government research grants, sociologists and psychologists are begin-

ning to understand that the language of the body is indeed a true form of non-verbal communication. In fact, only the international language of Esperanto has more adherents worldwide.

Body language is also shedding new light on interpersonal relationships. Try this simple experiment in your spare time. Travel to the ghetto region in the city nearest you and locate the largest black man in the area. Walk up to him slowly and stop. Now stare into his eyes for an extended period of time without averting your gaze. See if you get a reaction. I think you will be quite surprised by the results.

For many years I wondered if my studies with children and gorillas could be replicated with the world's oldest living human resource—senior citizens.

Recently, with the aid of a National

Lampoon Behavioral Research Grant, I traveled to the great retirement state of Florida to begin my study on the non-verbal communication of septuagenarians, octogenarians, and people over the age of ninety.

This past spring I spent four exhausting days at the Red Buttons Tranquillity Villa near Coco Beach and came away with some startling revelations about our senior citizens. What previously had seemed to me to be a random series of tics, jerks, and age-induced spasms turned out to be a complicated network of sexual innuendos and sophisticated, cryptic polyglot.

Here, with the aid of a kinesics photographer, I have compiled the first visual dictionary to help in the study of...the secret sexual body language of senior citizens.

Senior Citizen Body Language Chart

Body Movement:

outward leg cross	lack of interest
contracted pupils	non-erotic visuals
dilated pupils	erotic visuals
eyebrow lift	disbelief
lip folding	desire to perform gum job
arms folded across chest	not listening
hand on breast	fear of mastectomy
clenched fists	medication wearing off
pinkie in nostril	small booger
ankles crossed	has had no saltpeter
inward leg cross	interest
arms folded behind head	just had orgasm
pencil eraser in nostril	child molester and/or shoe fetishist
hand over mouth	dentures improperly fitted
showing teeth	anger
furrowed brow	annoyance
fingers on temple	inducing a bowel movement
drool (long)	extreme affection
shoulders drawn inward	depressed
finger in nostril	large booger
steeping of fingers	superiority
shoulders drawn back	excited
thumbs through belt loops	ready for gum job
nose rub	puzzlement
thumb on index finger	desire to change channel
thumb forms circle with index finger	indicates size of cancerous polyp



This is the Tranquillity Villa recreation room, where, for the third time this week, Muriel is willing to repay her debt to Seymour (one gum job) for having lost to him at intravenous arm wrestling.

Muriel is annoyed by the way Seymour is ignoring her. She clearly feels superior to Seymour in every way, yet she is very excited, due to her lack of saltpeter ingestion.

Seymour is not getting Muriel's message because he has developed an extreme affection for Miss June in this month's edition of *Playgeezer*. (Not noticeable in photo: Seymour's dilated pupils.)



Della, a retired hospital administrator from the Bronx, has just had a long, romantic affair with her new electric Kosher Salami vibrator, which has brought her to great heights of orgasmic thrill. She's in a state of ecstatic disbelief.

Her husband, Herman, on the other hand, cannot figure out why, after three quarts of prune juice, a can of sauerkraut, and six Ex-Lax doughnuts, he has not moved his bowels today.

In addition, he is attempting to change the TV channel without the use of a remote-control device.

Reuven Kopitchinski



Muriel has decided to attend the semiannual Red Buttons Cocktail Party with Seymour. But the crotch of a young cocktail waiter soon catches her eye and affections as she puckers down.

Meanwhile Della shows carnal interest in Muriel as she explains her fear of mastectomy.

Seymour, however, is depressed, and rightfully so, as he describes the size of his cancerous polyp to the uninterested waiter.

The waiter, in turn, is fantasizing about Della's shoe size and style.



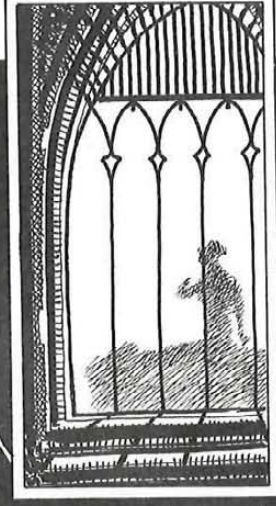
The scene is a poker game in Herman and Della's condo. Della's false teeth bother her, so she has removed them, causing her lips to fold inward.

Herman's shoulders are drawn back because he's just been dealt the fifth card toward an inside straight. He's in shock from such blind luck. In his right hand is a glass of Alka-Seltzer, which is always needed after one of Della's dinners.

Muriel's pupils are dilated because Della has just dealt her a third king to complete a full house. She's very excited.

Seymour, on the other hand, has folded, and in fact is having an angina attack. He's annoyed that Muriel forgot to renew his medical prescription, and will die within eleven minutes of this photograph having been taken.

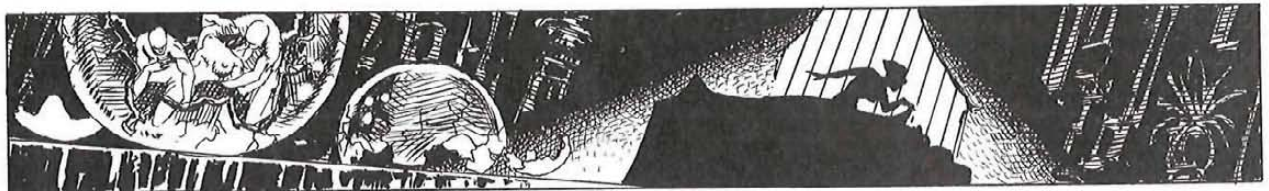
CITIZEN PORN



STORY: PAUL SOMERS, JR.

ART: ADAM KUBERT

HOSE,
BUD.



ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST MEN IN THE WORLD, FILM TYCOON CHARLES FOSTER PORN, DIED LAST WEEK IN HIS CALIFORNIA MANSION.

NEWS ON THE CHEAP

NATION MOURNS PORN

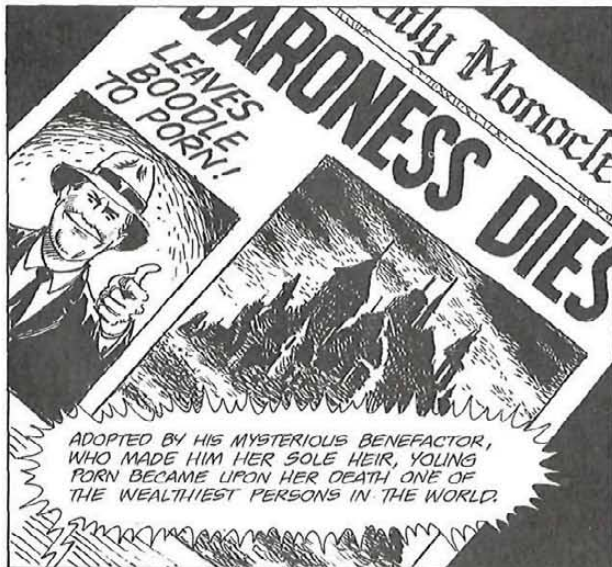
"MAMMADU," HE CALLED HIS STATELY PLEASURE PALACE. HE BUILT IT TO LIVE IN, BUT THAT IS WHERE HE DIED.



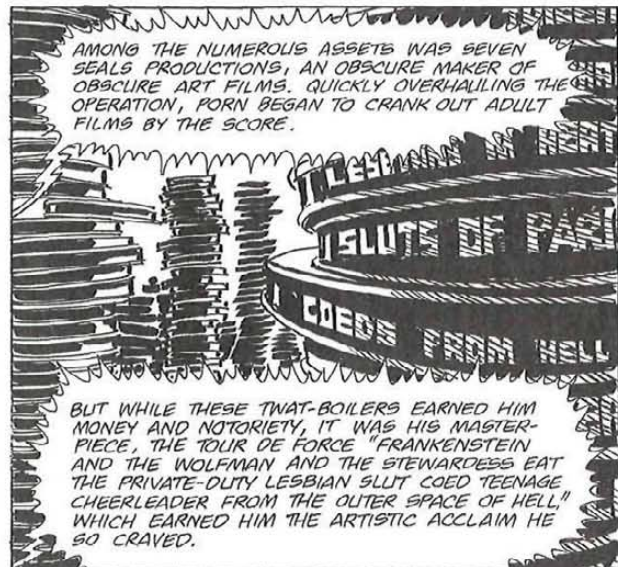
HIS MASSIVE JACUZZIS ONCE FACILITATED HUNDREDS OF ORGASMS PER NIGHT. A MODERN HELIPORT HANDLED NIGHTLY DRUG DELIVERIES, AND SILVER WHEELBARROWS DISPENSED KILOS OF NOSE CANDY TO HIS COUNTLESS GUESTS.



AT THE TENDER AGE OF NINE, CHARLES FOSTER PORN LEFT HIS HUMBLE HOME TO BECOME THE WARD OF THE MYSTERIOUS BARONESS VON UPHOSEN.



ADOPTED BY HIS MYSTERIOUS BENEFACTOR, WHO MADE HIM HER SOLE HEIR, YOUNG PORN BECAME UPON HER DEATH ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST PERSONS IN THE WORLD.



AMONG THE NUMEROUS ASSETS WAS SEVEN SEALS PRODUCTIONS, AN OBSCURE MAKER OF OBSCURE ART FILMS. QUICKLY OVERHAULING THE OPERATION, PORN BEGAN TO CRANK OUT ADULT FILMS BY THE SCORE.

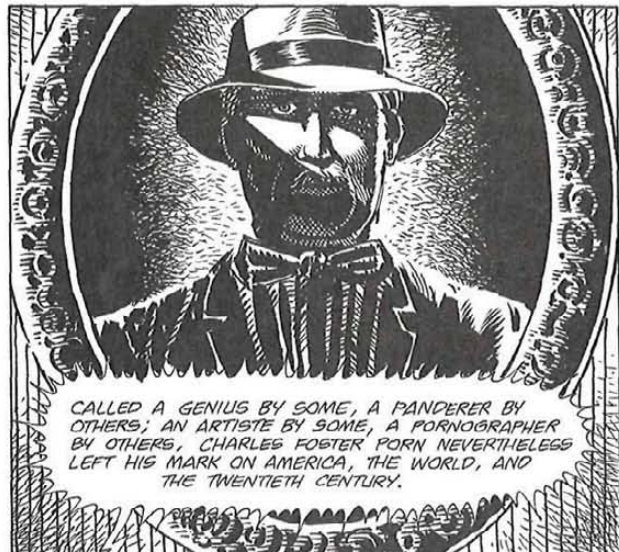
BUT WHILE THESE TWAT-BOILERS EARNED HIM MONEY AND NOTORIETY, IT WAS HIS MASTERPIECE, THE TOUR DE FORCE "FRANKENSTEIN AND THE WOLFMAN AND THE STEWARDESS EAT THE PRIVATE-DUTY LESBIAN SLUT COED TEENAGE CHEERLEADER FROM THE OUTER SPACE OF HELL," WHICH EARNED HIM THE ARTISTIC ACCLAIM HE SO CRAVED.



STANDOFFISH AT FIRST, THE AMERICAN INTELLECTUAL AND CULTURAL COMMUNITIES EVENTUALLY ACCEPTED CHARLES FOSTER PORN WITH OPEN ARMS.



BUSINESS REVERSALS AND PERSONAL LOSSES SOON TOOK THE BLOOM OFF HIS ROSE, AND HE WITHDREW TO HIS NEVER-TO-BE-FINISHED MANSION, MAMMADU. THERE HE LIVED ALONE AMONG THE MEMORIES OF FAME THAT HAD FADED AND WIVES WHO HAD FLED.



CALLED A GENIUS BY SOME, A PANDERER BY OTHERS; AN ARTISTE BY SOME, A PORNOGRAPHER BY OTHERS, CHARLES FOSTER PORN NEVERTHELESS LEFT HIS MARK ON AMERICA, THE WORLD, AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.



THERE'S A LOT OF INFORMATION HERE BUT THE STORY HAS NO ANGLE.

WHADDYA MEAN, NO ANGLE? WHADDYA CALL "POOR BOY GETS RICH, LIVES AND DIES LONELY AND UNLOVED"?

That's all fell

YEAH, THAT'S AN ANGLE, ALL RIGHT, BUT THEY FOUND IT IN PHARAOH'S TOMB. WHAT I'D LIKE IS FOR SOME OF MY HIGH-PRICED, SO-CALLED TALENT TO GET OFF THEIR PAMPERED PANNIES AND FIND ME A REAL ANGLE.



YEAH, LIKE THIS "HOSEBLUD" THAT HE SAID AT THE END-- WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

THERE YA GO, NOW THAT'S A LEAD. YOU, GUY, GUY WISE, I'M PUTTING YOU ON THIS ONE.

FIND OUT WHAT "HOSEBLUD" MEANS.

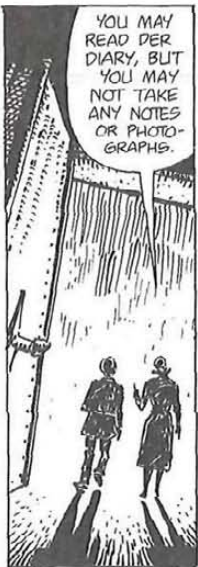


HOURS LATER, IN THE ANTEROOM OF THE SCUMHOZEN MUSEUM OF EROTICA AND NO-NO'S...

JA, VE HAFF DER DIARY OF BARONESS VON LIPHOSEN, LEGAL GUARDIAN OF CHARLES FOSTER PORN FROM DER AGE OF NEUN.



IT ISS DOWN IN DER SECURITY FAULT.



YOU MAY READ DER DIARY, BUT YOU MAY NOT TAKE ANY NOTES OR PHOTOGRAPHS.



IF YOU DO... WE HAF OFFER TWO HUNDRED POUNDS OF TESTICLE VEIGHTS...

GULP!



How I acquired little Sharlie Pava was most interesting



LOOK, HERE'S AN AD: "WEALTHY BARONESS SEEKS YOUNG URCHIN TO BE REARED STRICTLY UND GIVEN ALL DER ADVANTAGES."

I simply put an ad in der newspaper.



BUT I DON'T WANT TO GO TO AN EXCLUSIVE BOARDING SCHOOL! I WANT TO BE WITH MY SEEDY MOTHER AND FATHER LIKE OTHER KIDS.

ZAT ISS QVITE ENOUGH, YOU LITTLE INGRATE!

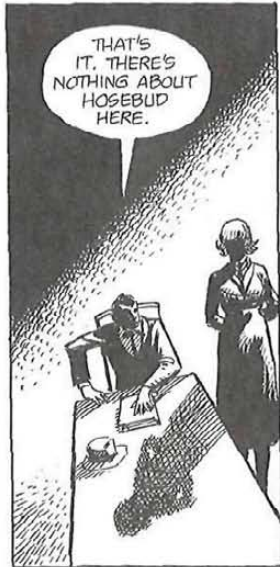


CARELESS JOURNALISM, TWO PAGES STUCK TOGETHER WITH VASELINE, AND A RIDDLE MAY REMAIN UNANSWERED FOR ALL TIME!



COME ON, NOW. IT'S TIME FER DER HOSE, BUD.

Little Sharlie vas remiss tonight: he vas unusually recalcitrant about his enema.



THAT'S IT. THERE'S NOTHING ABOUT HOSEBUD HERE.

I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE MICKEY MENAGE, FORMER FRIEND AND EMPLOYEE OF CHARLES FOSTER PORN.

THE HOME FOR OLD SCREENWRITERS WHO DIED BROKE!

WHAT ABOUT THIS HOSEBUD? THINK IT MIGHT'VE BEEN A DAME, A RACEHORSE, A CHILDHOOD SLED, ANYTHING LIKE THAT?

NAH.

I UNDERSTAND YOU AND MR. PORN WENT TO COLLEGE TOGETHER.

SLIRE DID. EVERY COLLEGE FROM THE SORBONNE--CHARLIE CALLED IT THE SORE-BONE--TO THE UCLA FILM SCHOOL TO PARSONS COLLEGE. GOT KICKED OUT OF EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM.

MR. PORN REALLY MUST HAVE HAD A GOOD TIME, THEN.

CHARLIE? I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU COULD SAY CHARLIE EVER HAD A GOOD TIME. MATTER OF FACT, I CAN RECALL JUST ONE TIME WHEN HE WAS REALLY HAPPY...

"CHARLIE HAD JUST INHERITED THE SEVEN SEALS STUDIO, AND HE AND I BLEW ON-TO THE SET TO CHECK THINGS OUT."

LIVING! YOU SPEAK OF LIVING AS IF YOU KNOW WHAT IT WAS, YOU AND YOUR BOOKS, YOUR...

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF: I'M CHARLES FOSTER PORN, YOUR NEW OWNER, AND THIS IS MY ASSISTANT, MR. MENAGE.

DON'T MIND ME, JUST DO EXACTLY AS I SAY AND YOU MIGHT KEEP YOUR JOBS.

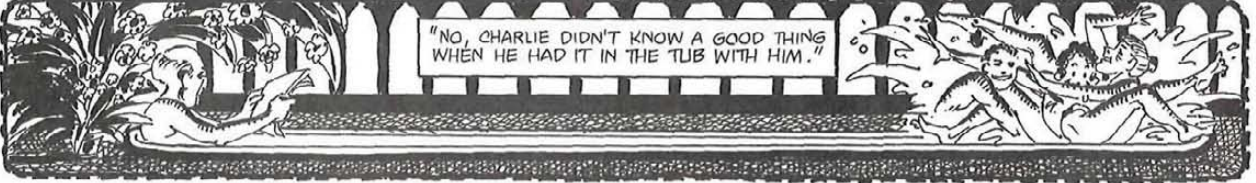
YOU, TAKE OFF THAT SWEATER!

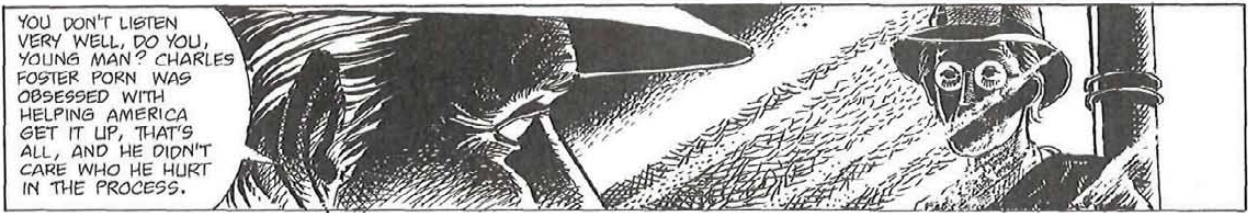
YOU, DROP YOUR PANTS!

WHAT'S MY MOTIVATION?

AN EXTRA FIFTY BUCKS A DAY.

"AND, THAT VERY DAY, THE FIRST SEVEN SEALS FILM WITH THE IMPRINT OF CHARLES FOSTER PORN WAS MADE. LATER THAT EVENING, BONE-TIRED BUT HAPPY, CHARLIE TURNED TO ME AND SAID: 'YOU KNOW, MENAGE, WE'VE DONE SOMETHING HERE TODAY, SOMETHING REALLY BIG, AND I WANT TO BE SURE WE DON'T LOSE IT.'"





YOU DON'T LISTEN VERY WELL, DO YOU, YOUNG MAN? CHARLES FOSTER PORN WAS OBSESSED WITH HELPING AMERICA GET IT UP, THAT'S ALL, AND HE DIDN'T CARE WHO HE HURT IN THE PROCESS.



LATER, AT THE GREAT STORAGE ROOM IN MAMMADU...

SURE ISS A LOT OF JUNK HERE, ISN'T ZERE?

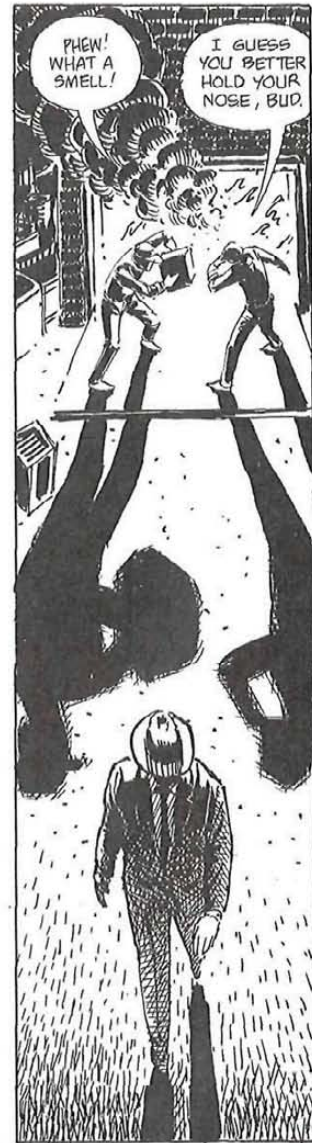
YEAH, THERE'S A LOT OF JUNK, ALL RIGHT. BUT THERE'S AN ANSWER, TOO, IN HERE SOME-WHERE, AND MORE THAN JUST AN ANSWER TO HOSEBLUD AND CITIZEN PORN. THERE'S AN ANSWER HERE TO THE QUESTION OF JUST WHAT MAKES AMERICANS, GREAT AMERICANS, TICK.



YEAH, CHARLES FOSTER PORN MAY BE DEAD, AND HE MAY HAVE TAKEN HIS SECRET WITH HIM, BUT YOU CAN BET YOUR TINTYPE THAT HIS SPIRIT LIVES.

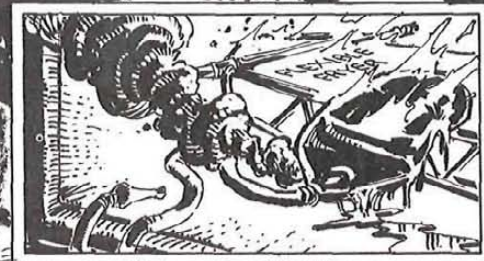
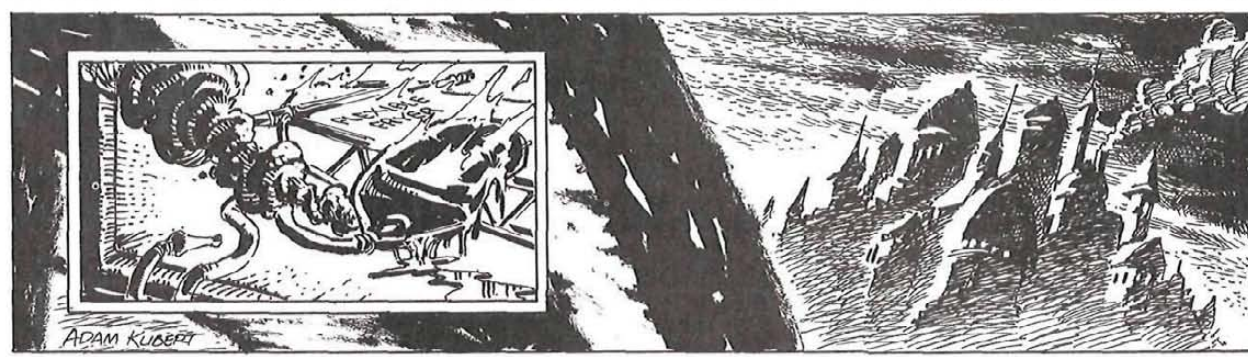


IT LIVES BECAUSE WHEREVER MEN, DARE TO DREAM, HE'LL BE THERE WITH 'EM-- IN SPIRIT-- FLOATIN' ON A CLOUD, SAILIN' ALONG WAY UP THERE IN THE BLUE, KNOCKIN' 'EM DEAD WITH JUST A SMILE AND A HARD-ON.



PHEW! WHAT A SMELL!

I GUESS YOU BETTER HOLD YOUR NOSE, BUD.



ADAM KUBERT

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THE DEMAND IS UNPRECEDENTED!
THE CRUSH AT THE BOX OFFICE
IS INHUMAN!
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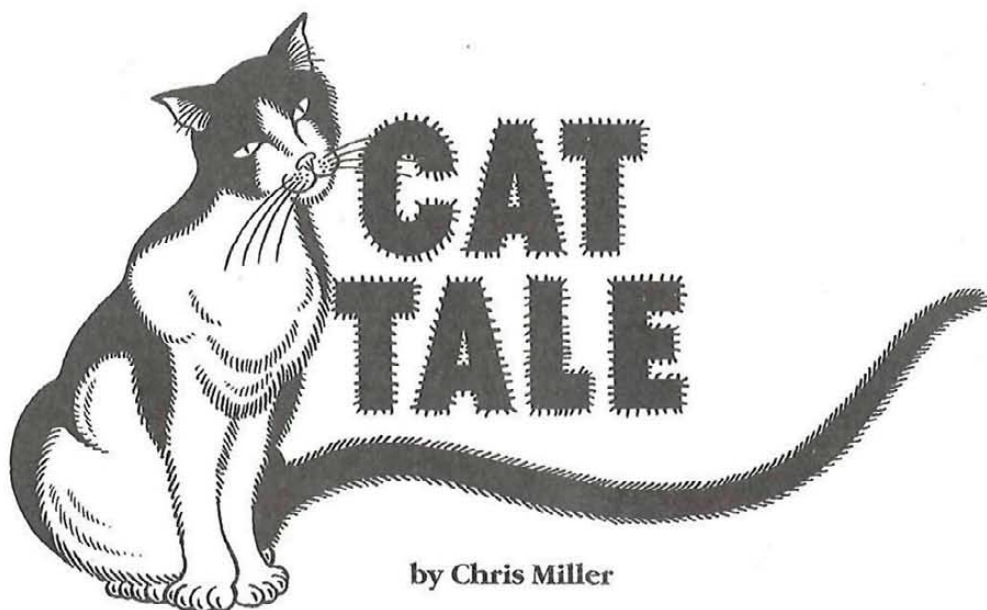
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by Chris Miller

Some instinct made me wake up. I sniffed around. Things seemed unchanged. Grover was still sleeping up there on Boss and Lady's bed, the sound of his snores wafting in. Feeling a stab of hunger, I decided to go check the food bowls.

The food bowls were much the same as the last five times I'd looked. The first still contained the small residual pile of breakfast, now dried and crusted. I sniffed it dubiously, and gave my paw a little shake of disgust. The second bowl was worse; all traces of the orange crunchy stuff Boss leaves for us when he's out were gone, gobbled up by Grover hours ago. Naturally, the water bowl was full, but who cares about water? I was *starving!* Where the hell

were the bigfeet?

I padded out of the food room, growling. There was never a bigfoot around when you needed one. I think they take some kind of sadistic pleasure in prolonging our hunger. In the mornings, for instance, they always sleep long after me and Grover are ravenous, and we have to go in and walk on their chests.

Speaking of the Big Orange Puffball, who the hell did he think he was, taking the last of the crunchy stuff? I decided to give the old boy some shit. I headed for the back room, planning my assault... and stopped short, staring, every element of my being in a state of total readiness.

Blue greeblings were soaking through the ceiling!

"Grover!" I thought loudly. "Greeb-

lings!" Some of them were almost loose, moored now only by long, glistening umbilici, like balloons. I *bate* greeblings. My back went up and I hissed.

One broke free. It hovered uncertainly for a moment, then floated toward the hall closet, extruding a black wire coat hanger. Gathering myself, I sprang, intersected its path, and gave the son of a bitch a faceful of claws. With a burst of rotten-food smell and a rain of wet blue streamers, it exploded. The coat hanger disappeared.

But three more greeblings were now free, and others without number were making their slow way through the ceiling. I was damn busy for the next half hour. I leaped and clawed, and greeblings exploded, and the stink was something fierce. Finally there were none left. I crouched there, panting, atop a great pile of the awful blue shreds. I must have killed three thousand of them, while they had hooked a mere three hangers on the closet rod. Not too shabby. I huffed out and licked a paw.

Now what had I...? Oh, yes, Grover. And where the hell had *he* been when I was single-handedly fighting off the barbarian hordes? Still sleeping, no doubt, as he had during last night's attack of sweeze, and yesterday's kazoon invasion. A lot of help he'd been lately. Getting too old. My desire to torment him returned.

Stealing into the rear room, I jumped weightlessly onto the bed and eyed Grover speculatively. He was sleeping away on his back, all four paws in the air, his fur rippling with his breathing. His hair's so long he looks three times larger than he is. (I myself am shorthaired, youthfully trim, and muscular, my coat a pleasing contrast of black and white sections.) The guy seems to belong in some other world, where all you do is lap cream, get brushed, and assume decorative poses. He was dreaming about killing a beetle; in the dream, he was big as a bigfoot.

"Hey, hairbag!" I thought loudly. "Your tail's on fire!"

As his eyes popped open, I sprang, sinking my teeth into his ear. Not so as to actually hurt him, you understand—just enough to piss him off. Gradually he figured out what was happening. He's a little slow, old Grover. "Hey!" he thought. "Ouch!" He began kicking up at me with his rear legs. "Damn you, I was in the middle of a dream."

"Yeah, I know," I thought. "Grover the giant beetle killer."

"Are you making fun of me?" Faster than I would have believed possible, he flipped onto his paws and sprang. I did a little rear-leg leap-up, but he caught me in the midsection, took me down, and began biting my face. I kicked fran-

tically; he held on tight. He's strong beneath all that fur.

"Give up?" he thought.

"Yes, yes, ouch!" I began to meow in pain.

"You'll leave me alone when I'm sleeping from now on?"

"Yes, please, stop, I promise...."

He let go. I scrambled to my paws and darted a few feet away, licking my upper lip several times. Then, when he figured I was good and chastened, I thought loudly, "You got food stains on your whiskers, fishbreath!" and ran like hell with Grover racing after me.

At that moment we both heard the sound we live for—the little metallic clicking that precedes the opening of the front door. All thoughts of combat evaporated.

"Food!" we thought loudly. "Food, food!"

We rushed to the door as it opened, meowing at the top of our lungs. Since bigfeet can't hear you think, you have to make noise to get their attention. Then, if you luck out, they may give you what you want. "*Meowwwuuuuu*," we shrilled. "*Mrowrrr mrowuuuu*!"

They paid not the least attention to us. Lady marched right by, almost kicking me in the nose. Boss slammed the door closed and pounded after her. Grover and I looked at each other, stunned.

"But I'm *hungry*," Grover thought.

"Let's go rub against their legs," I suggested.

We pattered after them, but didn't rub against their legs. In fact, we didn't get close to them; the emotional weather in there was too intense. Lady's glow was bright red, and crackled and swirled around her. Boss's was a mixture of blue and red, but getting bluer. He was in bad shape.

Lady made a series of loud, terrible noises at Boss, putting her forepaws on her flanks and sticking her face very close to his. The red in his glow made a comeback. Finally he cut her off, roaring so loudly I could feel my eardrums vibrate.

Grover walked in a little circle. "I hate it when they're like this," he thought. Lying down, he put his face on his paws.

The badness between them had been growing for some time; we'd been tracking it for weeks. It's no fun living in that kind of weather, let me tell you. I jumped as Lady began to wail and gulp and then ran into the bedroom, slamming the door shut with such an earsplitting clap that Grover panicked and ran under the sofa.

Boss slumped into a chair. The blue of his glow was now total. At length he

took out one of those interesting-smelling smoke tubes with the pinched-in ends, made flame appear on top of his fist, and drank smoke for a while. Gradually he began to feel better. A bit, anyway.

"I sense an opening," I thought to Grover. Jumping onto Boss's lap, I meowed quietly. He began to stroke me. I went up high on my paws, pushing my back against his hand. I love it when he does this. "*Snur snur*," I said.

Sighing, he stood and headed for the food room. Grover exploded from under the sofa, and both of us scurried after. Folks, I really lose it at times like this. The minute Boss gets the can open, the smell hits me and I just... go away somewhere. The next thing I knew Grover and I were banging heads over the first food bowl. Omigod, the creamy white stuff with the gray lumps! I rammed my face into it, licking like crazy. Good! Eat! Mmmm!

"HUNGRY!" Grover butted my head out of the way and began his own assault. Trading off like this, we quickly wiped out the creamy stuff and began on the lumps, which, frankly, are less thrilling. That's why we never finish them.

My hunger sated at last, I now felt the urge for a dump. I ran to the litter-box room and jumped in. When I was finished, as usual I sniffed carefully at my deposit. It was shit, all right; I was very consistent. At the appearance of Big Orange waiting his turn, I reluctantly hopped out. I rather like it in there.

Back in the big room, I groomed for a while. Boss's glow was dimming now. I climbed in his lap and purred as he gave me a few absent strokes.

Poor Boss. He hadn't been doing so well lately. The situation around the apartment had really deteriorated. When I was a kitten, Boss and Lady felt great. In fact, I used to sleep between them at night, that being the warmest, sweetest spot in the apartment. And they were so playful! Lady could do this trick with a string, holding it at one end, making the other end come alive and dance around. I must have killed that piece of string a thousand times. She also had a great way of scratching a guy behind the ear. She'd been my friend. No more. Nowadays, she and Boss slept with their backs to each other, when they slept together at all, and I'd resorted to sacking out with the Hairbag, who kept waking me up with his snoring.

Tonight, though, I hung with Boss as, glow fading, he stretched out on the sofa with his foreleg around me. Now, your average bigfoot foreleg probably weighs twice what I do, so this was not exactly comfortable, but I hung in there and kept purring until I was sure he was

asleep. Even when a swoose popped from under a chair to spin a couple of dustballs, I restrained my death charge so Boss could stay unconscious. It was the happiest he got to be in those days.

By the time I dropped to the floor, the swoose was long gone. I jumped up to the sill of the window that's always open a little, to sniff the night. I didn't feel like sleeping. My fur was rubbed the wrong way, both by Boss's foreleg and the whole Boss-Lady situation.

And by one thing more.

Lately, I'd been restless. The feelings were vague and general, hard to get a handle on. I felt as if everything I did was something I'd already done. Even if Lady *had* still been making strings come to life, I don't think I would have cared, you know what I mean? There had to be something more to life. I felt this with certainty, on a deep, instinctive level. As to what that something might be, who knew? But, I intuited, it was coming—and soon.

I stared out at the night. Not for the first time, I thought that maybe what I sought was out there, in the mysterious world beyond the glass. The scents that drifted in evoked a strange wistfulness in me, though for what I could not say. I decided to have a taste of them now, took a good sniff... *and was overwhelmed with the most incredible scent I'd ever smelled in my life!* It was like... oh, how do you describe a smell, anyway? It was ravishing! I sniffed in all directions, gorging myself on that heady perfume, trying to locate its source. Then, from below, a meow arose. But to call it "a meow" is like calling the sun "warm." It made me tingle down to my hind claws. It made me tingle even more between my legs. I took a look and, stunned, found that my unit was emerging from its pouch of its own accord.

Again the meow rent my consciousness. I did my best to peer through the darkness, but no go. I was panting, even though I'd hardly moved in an hour. I felt absolutely wild! The smell, the sounds... I couldn't help what happened next: to my utter amazement, I found myself licking my groin in a frenzy! Little flashing lights seemed to go off all around me, and then there was this, like, *explosion* inside me, blowing me right off the windowsill.

I lay in a tangle on the floor, blinking stupidly. What the hell had *that* been? My unit slid back in, still echoing with the incredible burst of sensation. Who knows how long I lay there? After a while, it hit me that no more meows were coming through the window. I got up, a bit shakily, and leaped back to the sill. The scent had become blurry, was blowing away. Whoever, *whatever*, had been out there was now gone. I was alone with my unanswered questions.

Though I didn't know it at the time, the episode on the windowsill would change my life forever. I couldn't get that divine scent, that delicious meow, out of my consciousness. And how about what had happened down there in my nether regions! I mean, everybody licks his balls now and then. You need to guard against being smelled by enemies, right? But this was something else. Ball-licking is neutral, utilitarian. This new thing was charged and ecstatic. And totally unexpected, like discovering that you had—had always had?—an eye in the back of your head that could see through walls. My curiosity was so great it almost killed me.

Grover was no help at all. I told him the whole story. He gave me a lofty look and thought, "Enjoy it while it lasts, jockamo." I couldn't get him to explain what he meant by that, no matter how often I asked. Nor could I get much attention from Boss and Lady, preoccupied as they were with their own problems. Boss's glow had a dim, dirty look to it, its hue increasingly dominated by brown. And he hardly ever sat at the tone machine anymore.

Tone machine? Over there—that big wooden job, with the black and white pedals. When you walk on them, tones come.... Oh, you know how it works; you just didn't know what it's called. Okay, then you've probably also noticed how often Boss tinkles away on it. Well, that was true in those days, too. He'd play away, then stop and make marks on paper with one of those yellow biting sticks he's always taking away from me. But thanks to Lady, he'd stopped playing. What did he do instead? Slept a lot. Ignored us. My scratch-on-the-head frequency was way down. And no matter how often I'd defeat raiding parties of kazoon, or greeblings, or wild hermables, he'd take no notice.

To be fair, he really hadn't *ever* noticed my military exploits, even before Lady came. Bigfeet are weird. They seem to take our efforts for granted, glancing at us with bemused affection as we do the most desperate battle, sometimes actually laughing at us. But do they ever help? Hah! I've seen Boss walk through a dozen greeblings like they're not even there. Don't bigfeet know we're protecting them? We ought to go on strike sometime, let 'em slay their own kazoon. That'd be a sight to see.

Meanwhile, *each night the meowing and the scent returned!* My entire day revolved around these episodes. What a frenzy they drove me to! I swear, if that window had been open just a little more,

I would have been *gone*. Grover took to watching with great amusement as I paced and meowed and licked myself. He ceased to be amused on the third night, however, when, even more out of control than usual, I rushed him from behind and jumped on top of him. Understand, now; I didn't know what I was doing. But I guess he did. "Hey!" he thought. "Get the hell off me, you asshole!" Later I tried to apologize, but Grover avoided me the rest of the night and, when he couldn't avoid me, pointedly shifted position so that he always faced me.

Then, on the fifth night, nothing. No scent, no sounds. I was stunned, deeply aggrieved. Four nights of madness, and that's it? How could God do this to me? I hated my life!

And then Lady really pissed me off. You know, at one time I'd really liked her. But something had happened, somewhere along the way, and she'd stopped being nice and started treating Boss like shit. Now, tonight, as I sat there stewing in my bitter disappointment, in burst Boss and Lady roaring and bleating at each other yet another time, and, well, I just didn't need that. I was tired of the dissension, the contention, the noise. I was sick of how brown and lousy-feeling Boss was after Lady finished with him. *And I was furious at the abrupt disappearance of the meowing.* So tonight, after Lady flounced to the bedroom and Boss had crashed once more on the sofa, I pissed on her fur coat.

This wasn't the first time I'd felt the urge. Imagine—wearing a fur coat around me and Grover! She had the sensitivity of a stone! But until tonight I'd always held back. When I was a real little kitten I'd made the mistake of leaving a few territorial markers around the place, and Boss had spanked the shit out of me. Enough was enough, however; I totally drenched the goddamn thing.

In the morning, Lady's scream of dismay lifted me three feet in the air. Boss rushed over, and she went on and on at the highest imaginable volume, gesturing repeatedly at the coat with both her hands. Boss looked down at me. I could feel him trying to restrain it, but finally he just burst out laughing.

Lady stared at him, bug-eyed, then, with surprising speed, whipped off a shoe and threw it at me. Like to took my head off, too; I just got out of the way. I'm happy to report that Boss did the absolute right thing; he stuck his face in her face and yelled in the loudest voice I've ever heard him use. Lady stiffened, then spun into the bedroom. Angrily,

continued

Boss made flame on his fist and lit a smoke tube.

Gradually he simmered down. After a while Lady came back out, lugging a huge case made of *leather*—had she no decency at all?—and Boss's glow turned pure yellow. Lady kept going. Boss rushed after her, making placating noises, but Lady went out, slamming the door in his face. Boss returned, and I've never experienced a living thing feeling quite as bad as he felt then. Lost. Utterly bleak.

He stood in the middle of the room for a time, buried under these emotions, then shook himself and went out. I didn't feel so great myself. I hunted for Grover, found him meditating atop the tone machine. "Don't come running to me," he thought. "This is all your fault." He turned his back and resumed his contemplations.

Now I really felt terrible. Was Grover right? But shit, she'd had it coming, hadn't she? The rightness of pissing on her coat had seemed so *clear* last night. Life really gets complicated sometimes.

Presently Boss came back, carrying one of those paper-sack play-spaces. He took from it a bottle of that amber liquid he drinks. Then he said the noises he says when he wants me and Grover. Since this usually means food, we rushed over. But instead, he handed us each a little cloth thing that looked vaguely like a mouse.

Before I even knew what was happening, I found myself biting and tearing at it, my nose assailed by this spicy scent, my mouth filled with bizarre, exotic flavors. I was, to be succinct, zonked. What happened was, I lost myself in this hunting fantasy, biting and slashing small, defenseless creatures into bits. It was...very special.

I don't know how much time passed, but eventually the high leveled off into a kind of plateau. I glanced at the "mouse"; it was torn to bits, with little dried leafy stuff scattered all around. I felt mellow and satiated, and began to purr. I guess the experience had had a similarly salutatory effect on Grover, because he now came up to me and, in tones that were actually friendly, thought, "Hey, kid? I want to think to you about a few things." So we went to the back room, jumped on Boss's bed, and sat facing each other.

"Well, look," Grover thought, "I've been mulling it over and I just want to say...I'm sorry I've been giving you a hard time since you came here. I mean, you violated my territoriality, disrupted my routines. I was very disturbed...and I've been taking it out on you, I guess. We just got off on the wrong paw. What do you say we start over?"

And with that, he licked me on the face.

Surprised? I damn near fainted. But that was just the beginning.

"Now let me level with you about a few things," Grover thought, and went on to divulge that Bigfeet aren't the only beings around who come in both male and female...and that the thing meowing out the window was a "girl"! He then told me the story about what boys can do to girls when they're "in heat."

"But that's disgusting," I thought.

"It is," Grover thought, "but when they're meowing and making perfume, you don't feel that way."

And on second thought, it didn't sound so disgusting after all. Highly desirable, in fact. In fact, I wanted to do it very, very much.

"So," I thought, "I guess the only problem is how to get out of here, huh?"

"God, you are so young," he thought. "Kid, that's not going to be your only problem. For instance, remember that female bigfoot Boss took you to, who stuck a needle in you?"

I did. The bitch.

"Well, the minute Boss notices you being interested in all that meowing, he's going to take you back to that bigfoot, and when you get home, you're not going to care about girls anymore."

How horrible! I went off to think. Boss was fast asleep sitting up, the bottle still in his hand. As long as he was this way, I didn't have to worry about him noticing anything. And that should give me time to find a way out of the apartment, and into this girl. Maybe tomorrow....

But she didn't meow again the next night, nor the night after that. I sniffed until my nose hurt. The only scent I got was the urine of some of those gray furry things with buckteeth that run around the trees outside the window.

Meanwhile, Boss was getting worse. He hardly moved. He drank smoke or amber liquid, and stared at the flicker-box. Or, fairly often, at nothing at all. We had to meow like maniacs and leap all over him to get fed. He didn't change the litter. He didn't scratch us on the head.

These were not good times.

The days passed; the girl did not meow again. Boss's mood did pick up a little, though. At least, he added a few activities. He'd sit in front of the low table, putting red-and-black-spotted plastic rectangles into piles. Or at the big table, fitting all different-shaped little pieces of cardboard together so they made a picture of flowers. And he began combing Grover. What with everything that'd been going on, Boss hadn't gotten around to combing the old boy for quite a while. I mean, he was a mess! His rear end was impossible, a matted jungle of fur and dingleberries. Boss got down on the job, Grover baring his teeth to no

avail, mrowling dismally.

Next Boss started working around the apartment, cleaning out drawers, hanging new pictures, throwing stuff away. The big job was the closet door. Boss rubbed it with bad-smelling stuff and the green came off, showing wood underneath. Getting all the corners and curlicues took days, but finally the green was gone, and Boss rubbed the wood with good-smelling stuff, and the door turned brown. The closet looked new!

Boss felt good about that. Or at least better than he'd been feeling. But he still hardly ever left the apartment, and he still didn't play the tone machine.

As for me, life seemed on the upswing. I'd almost forgotten about the night cries of the girl. Grover, at least for the moment, was treating me with new courtesy, even a kind of gruff affection. I hadn't forgotten the needle lady, and Boss—his glow brightening as he stopped with the amber liquid—admittedly was more capable of noticing any behavioral displays on my part, but I wasn't too worried on that account. Hell, at that point, there *were* no behavioral displays on my part.

Then one night Boss came home with a strange bigfoot—a female one. Boy, was he happy! Grover and I were so surprised, we simply stopped meowing and stared. The difference in his mood was that striking. In addition, we felt profoundly dubious about his guest. Boss himself is a pretty decent bigfoot, but most of them are huge, clumsy clowns, and they scare me. Look what had happened with the last female bigfoot he'd brought in here.

Boss and Big Yellow—our immediate name selection, her hair being that color—went on in and parked themselves on the sofa, which didn't thrill me too much, as I had been planning a short-term nap up there. Boss had a different sort of bottle tonight. This one did a trick—it blew its head off when Boss twisted it and sent forth foam. Boss poured some of the stuff into glasses, then, to our further astonishment, sat down at the tone machine and made a jaunty series of tones, howling along and wagging his eyebrows at Big Yellow, who began howling along too. Ye gods, what caterwauling!

After much too much of this—I was starting to wish the big bastard felt lousy again so he'd shut up—Boss left the tone machine, but then made more incredible noise blare forth, this time from the speakers, and the two great galoots started leaping and spasming about, their great hindpaws crashing down around us, and Grover and I streaked

away from them and jumped on top of the tone machine, staring back at them and licking our upper lips. Boss saw this, and laughed and laughed. He took Big Yellow and, with a sly glance at me and Grover, headed for the food room. The O and I exchanged a look and barreled after him.

He filled one of our bowls with these white and pink crescent-shaped things! They were incredible! Bingo, I was into food consciousness. We slammed each other out of the way repeatedly, gorging ourselves. It was so good!

When we got back to the big room, we found Boss and Big Yellow still at it, crashing about, glowing so brightly it hurt our eyes. We jumped to relatively secure spots on top of the flicker-box to close our eyes and purr for a while.

At length, the noise clicked off. Boss and Big Yellow both had drops of moisture on their faces. Boss went off to the litter-box room. Big Yellow stood there fanning herself.

At that moment, the meowing started again.

I stiffened. I tried not to react, but couldn't help it. All I could think was *Oh, no, Boss'll come back and find me licking my dick!* Yet there I was, rushing like an idiot for the windowsill, bunching my thighs, leaping, and...

And just then Big Yellow opened the window.

"Holy shit!" Grover thought. "Kid, look out!"

Ever find yourself in midair? It's... interesting. Luckily, there was a tree branch. Unluckily, there were also three of those bucktoothed types I mentioned earlier. They came at me in little rushes, baring incisors that could have gone through my face in a second. There was a sort of metal climbing structure on the building side; had, in fact, been there all along, but I'd sailed right over it. I sprang across to it as the buckies chattered angrily at me.

I clung there for a moment. Up above, there was something I had glimpsed once or twice in my life... and never wanted to think about too closely. No ceiling! I mean, you looked up and it just went! I had a moment of wondering what the hell I was doing there, and then the meow came again, driving all such considerations from my head. I went down that climbing structure like a pro. I mean, I was on the ground before I left!

I found myself in an open area between buildings, with a few trees and lots of crumbly stone, dirt, dead leaves, barker shit, and miscellaneous stuff of a totally unknown nature. The air teemed with scents I'd sniffed only faintly from the windowsill; here they were so rich

and vivid it was dizzying. So this was the world outside. Before, the times Boss boxed me and took me to get needled, I'd formed the impression that zillions of bigfeet were out there, and great roaring metal monsters spewing poison from their tails. Here there were no monsters, no bigfeet. Just shadows, alien smells, unfathomable sounds... Maybe, I thought, it would be good to go home, eat a little orange crunchy stuff, take a nice nap on the radiator...

The meowing began again. I forgot orange crunchy stuff. I forgot my name! Then the scent washed over me. Swishing my tail in agitation, I craned my neck around. I didn't know how to interpret so much of what I saw! And, in the narrow canyons formed by the buildings, it was almost impossible to pinpoint from which direction the meowing was coming. I was totally disoriented. Well, I had to go in some direction. Choosing one at random, I started off.

I padded through the night, looking over my shoulder every two seconds. My neck fur was up like Boss's hairbrush. Some bigfoot slammed a window somewhere, and I did a three-leap, with a full one-eighty turn in each. The boy was a little nervous.

Rounding a corner, I stopped. I was face-to-face with a stranger! That may not sound like such a big deal to you, but, other than Grover, I'd never met anyone before. The guy was big and black, gazing at me with no particular concern, however, as he sat there, lazily licking a paw, washing his nose leather.

"Hey, bro," he thought. "What it is?"

As I was wondering whether this strange question was rhetorical, the meow came again. I paced in a circle. Where was she??? Embarrassed, I felt the guy's amusement.

"Yeah, pussy'll do that to ya," he thought.

"Yeah, well, how come it doesn't do it

to you, then?" I asked.

"Used to live with a bigfoot," the guy explained. "Ol' Gypsy take me to this other bigfoot an' she stick me with a needle, an' when Ah wake up back home, Ah find that pussy have lost its power of persuasion."

God, this needle bigfoot is everywhere.

"Look, I'm a little lost. Do you know exactly where this, ah, pussy is?"

"Oh, sho."

"You do? That's great! Where?"

"Don' believe Ah gonna tell ya, hi-evva."

I'd known this was too easy. "Why not?"

"Do the name 'Slash' mean anythin' to you?"

It didn't.

"Well, that meowin' you hear? That be Princess, an' she Slash's girl. An' if you want to find out how Slash get his name, you jus' go on like you goin', an' I guarantee, you will find out."

I licked my upper lip. That put a certain perspective on things.

"You bes' get on home, youngblood. Watchoo doin' here anyway? This aincho scene, you know?"

The meow came again. It was like a leash yanking at me. "I know, I know. I'm doing what I have to do, okay?"

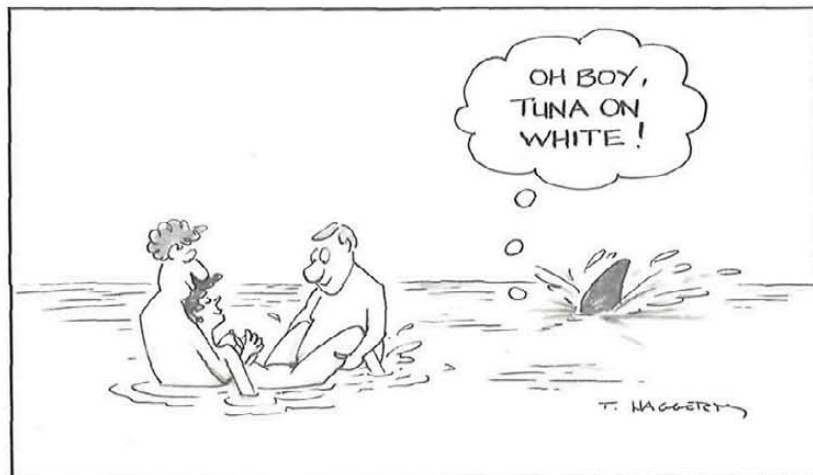
The black guy sighed. "Awright, look. You see that alley over there? About halfway along it, there be some steps down an' a door. Princess live with the garbage-can bigfoot down there."

I sent him a wave of gratitude.

"Thank me later, if you still in the world of the livin'. That cat is bad, man."

Entering the alley, I passed a powerful scent marker. This was someone else's territory; I'd been warned. I kept going. God, what we do for girls. Gloom en-

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My First Time

continued from page 31

five hundred bucks and fuck my petunia off.

I guess Havana was to fucking what Vegas is to gambling. You could get laid anywhere in Havana. I mean *anywhere*. You went into a grocery store for milk and you got laid in the back room. Clothing stores had extra dressing, or rather undressing, rooms, as they called them. Taxi drivers had spare girls in the front seat or in the trunk. The hospitals were mainly used for fucking instead of caring for the sick. They told me that at baseball games the guys would take a seventh-inning fuck, a quickie, instead of a seventh-inning stretch. Everywhere we went some kid was trying to sell us a piece of his sister, his aunt, even his mother.

In Havana you could get a shoeshine and a blowjob right on the street, at the same place. Or you could get a blowjob without the shoeshine. One kid would shine them up while his sister was licking your log as neat as a kitten. They gave you these Spanish newspapers to read to hide the girl while she was doing you. A lot of guys knew how to read Spanish upside down.

The five of us had a few drinks first and we ended up at the famous warehouse that Guido had recommended. It was in a warehouse near the waterfront. You

walked through some dirty, dusty rooms full of crates and boxes, then you opened a door and you were in a different world. It was like walking into a French palace. The warehouse was just a big front.

Guido's name carried a lot of weight, because we were led into a big room with mirrors where we were given these big photo albums to look at. There were about a hundred girls in each album and we could choose anyone who was free at the moment. The girl you picked would come in and walk around and pose for you in front of all the mirrors. You could've spent the entire night just looking at the albums and jerking off.

Needless to say, this place offered every possible woman in the rainbow. You wanted a redhead with a six-inch waist and a 40D bra who was six foot six? You got her. Or the same measurements in a blonde who was five feet tall, you got her too. You could have them both at the same time. Whatever you wanted, they had. All races, colors, girls with one leg, hunchbacks, girls with extra-large mouths, girls with trained cunts, trained asses, bald girls, girls that looked like boys. Each photo had a detailed description of what the girl did. It was like the biggest box of candy a horny kid could ever have.

Except I was having a problem. There was something about whores that made me nervous. My pals had tried to get me

laid in a few houses in New York and it hadn't worked. I still couldn't figure out why. Maybe because I was paying for it, so I had to perform. There was no romance in it. No matter how horny I was, I couldn't make it when I had to pay for it, or even when someone else paid for it.

But the Reec wanted to guarantee that I would lose my cherry. He got the manager to help me choose a girl who was a specialist in working with virgins. We finally settled on this incredible girl from Tahiti, a place where everyone fucks from the age of six. She was supposed to be like magic. No one could resist her. If Melakoa couldn't do it, no one could do it, they said.

Melakoa was something out of one of those South Sea Islands movies. You can't not like that type of girl. They smile a lot. They're friendly. They're gentle. They got a natural sense of rhythm and they even do those hula-type dances for you. Melakoa made me comfortable and fed me little tidbits of pork and shrimp and a rum drink. Then she undressed me and gave me a bath. Then she licked my entire body dry without using a towel.

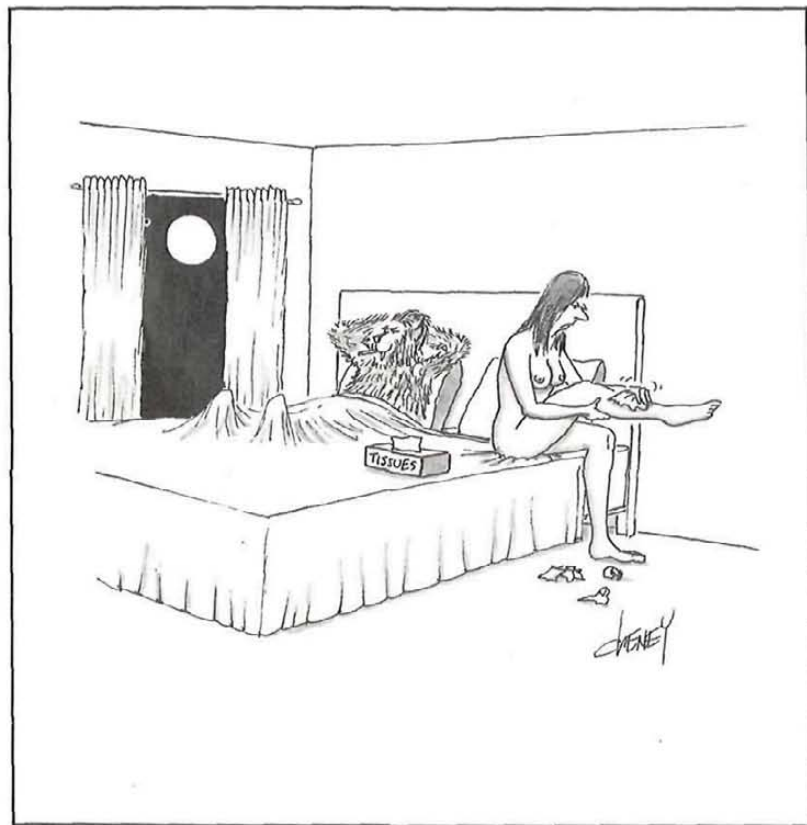
Melakoa was "perfectly trained in the arts of love," as the caption under the picture said. A woman "so exciting she will make you forget your name. You will be in a world where ecstasy is just the beginning." They really knew how to write terrific captions, those Cubans. Well, Melakoa was everything they said she was. More. She knew every trick in the book and a lot that weren't in any book. She had more pure talent than anyone I've ever had in my life since, and I've had a few. Melakoa had different moods, different positions, different styles for any occasion. And she had pride in her work.

But nothing happened. No matter what this beautiful girl did, she couldn't get to me. I couldn't believe it. I cried. *She* cried. She was supposed to fuck me and she failed. She would get punished by the manager, she said. I told her to lie and tell the manager I was terrific. I gave her a big tip.

When a girl like Melakoa can't get to you, you may be at the end of the line. I never felt so low in my life. Maybe Melakoa was *too* beautiful, *too* sexy. Maybe she was too warm and nice to me. I didn't deserve a girl like that. Who was I to be fucking a Tahitian sex goddess? I was just a shmendrick from Brooklyn. Girls like that might be too much for me to handle.

Maybe what I needed to excite me and get me started was a girl from the streets, somebody more familiar-looking. I mean, Melakoa was like a princess of the islands. What I needed was your basic street slut. So I went out to a busy

continued on page 67



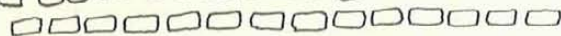


FUNNY PAGES



OK, GANG, HERE'S OUR FIRST DOTTED LINE COMICS! WE PROBABLY WON'T BE TOTALLY SUCCESSFUL THE FIRST TIME....

DOTTED LINE COMICS: THE AGECHANGE TWINS



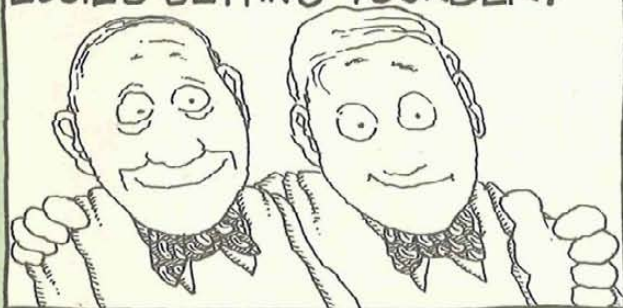
AT THE START OF OUR STRIP THE TWINS ARE BOTH 30 YEARS OLD. EXACTLY.



THIS ONE IS HUGHIE, OK?

THIS ONE IS LOUIE, OK?

HEY, BUT LOOK--HUGHIE'S GETTING OLDER, AND, AT THE SAME TIME, LOUIE'S GETTING YOUNGER!



HUGHIE'S HAD A BRIEF HEART ATTACK, BUT IT'S OVER NOW, AND, SURE ENOUGH, LOUIE'S GETTING SMALLER!



WHOOPS! NOW HUGHIE'S ACTUALLY DEAD AND LOUIE'S JUST A SPERM-IMPREGNATED EGG AND FADING AWAY AT THAT!



LOUIE

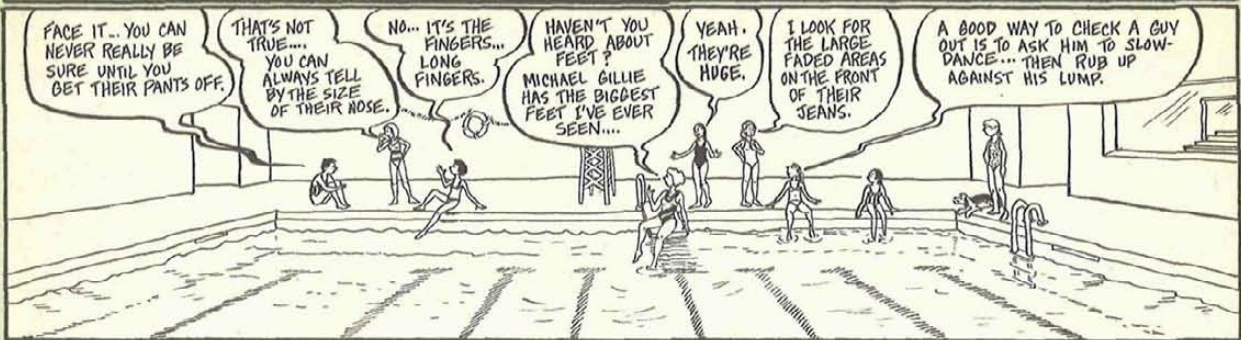


SAY, I GUESS THE AGECHANGE TWINS AREN'T SUCH A HOT IDEA FOR A CONTINUING COMIC STRIP, BUT, WHAT THE HECK, IT'S JUST OUR FIRST TRY. BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME.



Graham Wilson

Trots and Bonnie



FACE IT... YOU CAN NEVER REALLY BE SURE UNTIL YOU GET THEIR PANTS OFF.

THAT'S NOT TRUE... YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL BY THE SIZE OF THEIR NOSE.

NO... IT'S THE FINGERS... LONG FINGERS.

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT FEET? MICHAEL GILLIE HAS THE BIGGEST FEET I'VE EVER SEEN...

YEAH, THEY'RE HUGE.

I LOOK FOR THE LARGE FADED AREAS ON THE FRONT OF THEIR JEANS.

A GOOD WAY TO CHECK A GUY OUT IS TO ASK HIM TO SLOW-DANCE... THEN RUB UP AGAINST HIS LUMP.



I WISH WE COULD JUST ASK THEM... "HI! DO YOU HAVE A BIG PENIS?" DOES THAT SOUND CUTE AND PERKY?

BOYS SHOULD BE REQUIRED TO WEAR RATINGS... LIKE EGG SIZES... GRADE AA LARGE OR JUMBO.

IT'S JUST SO HORRIBLE TO GO FOR A FEEL AND FIND OUT THERE'S HARDLY ANYTHING TO GET A HOLD OF.

I COULD NEVER GO STEADY WITH ANYONE WHO HAS A SMALL ONE.

HOW IMMATURE CAN YOU GET?! YOU OBVIOUSLY HAVE PATHETICALLY FEW CRITERIA UPON WHICH TO EVALUATE A GUY.



WHAT ABOUT THINGS LIKE HONESTY... RELIABILITY... INTELLIGENCE?



WHAT ABOUT HIS ABILITY TO EXPRESS HIS FEELINGS?



... HIS GENEROSITY AND WILLINGNESS TO MAKE YOU HAPPY.



DOES HE LISTEN TO YOU? IS HE RESPONSIVE TO YOUR NEEDS?



IS HE GENTLE AND SENSITIVE... YET ALSO STRONG AND POWERFUL IN A MATURE WAY?



CAN YOU DEPEND ON HIM TO BE THERE WHEN YOU NEED HIM?



I'VE BEEN AROUND THE BASES WITH ALL THE GUYS IN SCHOOL.



I'M TOTALLY BORED WITH THE BIG ONES.



... AND NOW I'VE FOUND THE MOST INCREDIBLE BOYFRIEND.



I CAN FIT HIS WHOLE THING INTO MY MOUTH PLUS A COUPLE OF ICE CUBES AND SOME PIZZA.



HE'S PICKING ME UP SOON... AND HE'S ALWAYS ON TIME.



HE HAS THE SMALLEST ROD IN THE EIGHTH GRADE... AND I LOVE HIM.

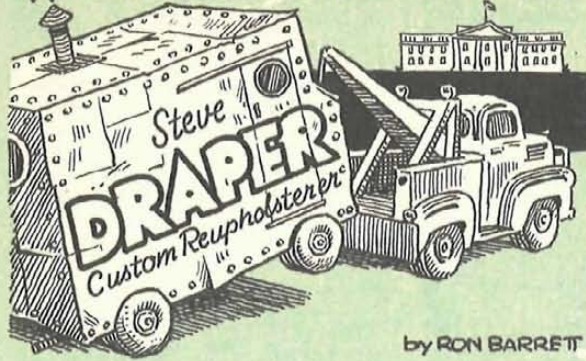


OH GREAT. NOW I CAN DRIVE Breta the Great Dane to the heights of passionate ecstasy with my sensitivity and caring.

©86 SHARPY FLENNIKEN

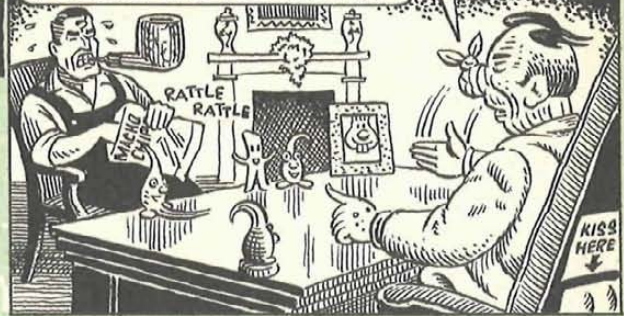
(READING TIME: 1 MINUTE, 7 SECONDS. JUST LOOKING AT THE PICTURES: 21 SECONDS.)

WE FIND STEVE'S TRUCK BEING TOWED AWAY FROM IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE-



by RON BARRETT

STEVE, WHILE I WAS IN THE HORSEHOSPITAL RECOVERING FROM AN WOULD-BE ASSASSINS BULLET, THERE WAS SOME MONKEY BUSINESS RIGHT HERE IN THE OFFAL OFFICE, AND I CANNOT EMPHASIZE THIS TOO STRONKLY!



LOOK, STEVE, MY CHAIR, THE SEAT OF POWER, HAS HAD ITS FRINGE **STOLEN!** I WILL NOT REST-I CANNOT!



AND LOOK, STEVE, THE BIG TASSELS **GONE** FROM THE DRAPES! OH GOD, I LOVED THOSE TASSELS, I USED TO PLAY WITH THEM DURING LONK MEETINGS. :\$08:



BUT YOU STILL HAVE YOUR TROLLS.

YES, THANK GODDNESS... BUT LOOK! THIS IS THE **WORST!** THE BALL FRINGE IS **GONE** FROM OLD GLORY! MUZ BE THIEVES, HUH?



YES! A DANGEROUS GANG OF TRIMMING THIEVES!

PRESIDENT MILDEW, I'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE. THEY TAKE THE TRIM ACROSS STATE LINES TO A SECRET HIDEOUT WHERE THEY FILE OFF THE SERIAL NUMBERS, REPAINT IT, AND SELL IT TO EAGER BUYERS.



LATER AT THE CAIRO-GYRO CAFE...

THERE ARE YOUR FRINGES AND TASSELS, MR. PRESIDENT!

AND HERE'S A FRINGE BENEFIT, MILADY!



SAM de GROOT

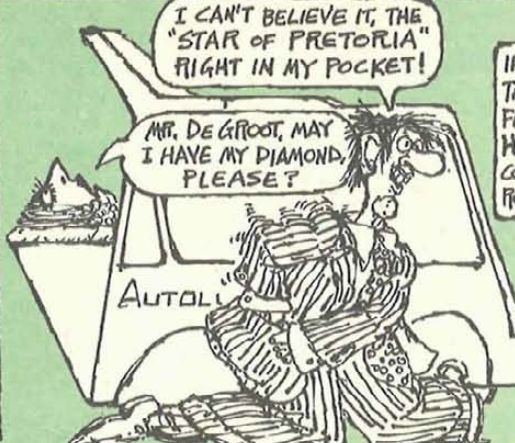
ONE OF THREE PRIVATE DETECTIVES IN THE FREE WORLD IN AN IRON LUNG.

The Story:

FEARING HER HUSBAND PLANS TO HARM HER, THE WIFE OF BILLIONAIRE LUDWIG VAN BUREN ENGAGES SAM. HERMAN, LOCK SAM INSIDE HIS WIFE'S IRON LUNG CHAMBER. MRS. VAN BUREN TELLS HERMAN SHE'LL GIVE HIM THE FABULOUS "STAR OF PRETORIA" DIAMOND THAT'S HIDDEN IN THE CHAMBER IF HE'LL FREE SAM. HERMAN EJECTS SAM AND GOES INSIDE TO FIND THE DIAMOND - SAM THEN LOCKS HIM IN THE CHAMBER!

WHILE SAM WAS KEPT PRISONER IN THE CHAMBER, MRS. VAN BUREN SLIPPED THE DIAMOND INTO HIS POCKET

A \$3,000,000 DIAMOND IN MY HANDS - WOW! I BET IT COULD BE FENCED FOR A MILLION DOLLARS! A GUY COULD BE SET FOR LIFE!



THE DIAMOND, MR. DEGROOT, MAY I HAVE IT - NOW?!!

IF I HAD NO SCRUPLES, I'D TAKE IT TO THE UNDERWORLD FENCE, SIDNEY GANGRENE. HE'D GIVE ME ENOUGH SO I COULD RETIRE FROM THIS ROTTEN DETECTIVE BUSINESS!

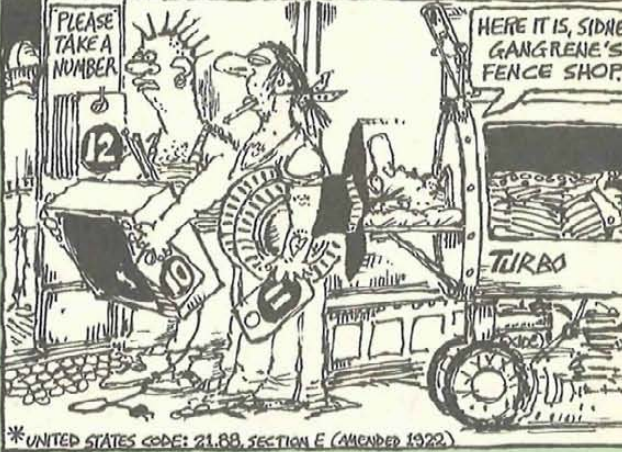


SHUT UP, MRS. VAN BUREN, JUST SHUT UP, DAMN YOU! THIS IS MY ONE CHANCE TO MAKE IT BIG!!!

MR. DEGROOT, WHAT DO - OH, MR. DEGROOT!



SAM gets into his iron lung, puts his hat on (SORRY, FEDERAL LAW* PROHIBITS DISCLOSING HOW SAM, WITH HIS HANDS INSIDE THE SEALED CHAMBER, CAN PUT HIS HAT ON), and heads for SIDNEY GANGRENE'S fence shop.



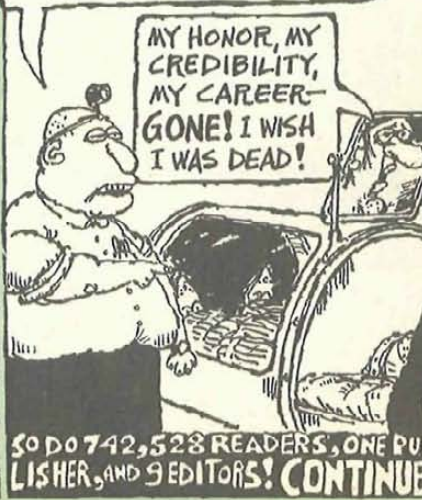
MR. GANGRENE, I HAVE A VALUABLE DIAMOND THAT I WISH TO SELL. IT'S THE "STAR OF PRETORIA."



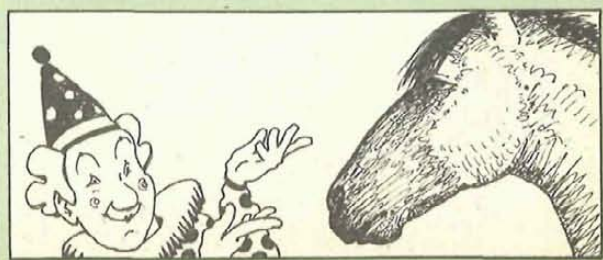
...HMMM... TURN IT TO YOUR LEFT A BIT - SAIT! THAT'S NOT THE "STAR OF PRETORIA," IT'S A GLASS COPY, AND A LOUSY ONE AT THAT. IT'S WORTHLESS!



LOOK, PAL, I DON'T LIKE TO SEE NOBODY GO AWAY EMPTY-HANDED - I'LL GIVE YOU FOUR BUCKS FOR YOUR SHOES.



Jo-Jo THE COUNTING HORSE



DIRTY FATHER HARRY

PRIVATE CELIBATE DICK

I mulled over the fine points one last time. Why did the sin go unreported for so long? Was this the work of a lone sinner? Can God make a boulder so heavy even He can't lift it?



The answers to these key questions slowly unraveled during the course of my long investigation. An investigation that was about to come to a dramatic conclusion.

Everyone even remotely connected to the sin was there. They all had motives for committing the sin, but I had narrowed the prime suspects to one.



A hush came over the group

Ah, they always try to weasel out of "guilt" this guy had "written all over him" you got some explaining to do, pal...



You got the wrong guy, rev!

I went to make my arrest

All the loose ends had been tidied up. The only thing left to do was reveal the identity of the guilty party. At High Mass!



I turned the other cheek



He landed an even meaner left

I returned the favor



SUDDENLY SOMEONE KILLED THE LIGHTS!



A SHOT RANG OUT!

I scrambled to get some light



FASTER WITH THOSE CANDLES

TOO LATE; HE WAS GONE

They never learn. He won't get very far! You see, the Lord is everywhere. He's tapped into your phone. He's reading your mail. He even knows your credit balance



So take a tip and stay in line. Yea, blessed are the meek, for they keep their noses clean.

Cat Tale

continued from page 57

closed me; there was so little light in there you couldn't even see colors. I glided through a gray world, wondering what the hell I thought I was doing. Thought, of course, had nothing to do with it. Then her perfume hit me, very strong, very close; my senses reeled under its onslaught. And...

"MROWR!"

She was there at the top of the steps! Right there in front of me! Oh, omigod, she was *gorgeous*. She looked—I *loved* the way she looked. In a way, the same as me and Grover, but oh, the difference! She fell over on her side playfully, looking at me, myowling and purring.

What a sextet of teats!

I headed for her, out of control. Once again.

At this moment, naturally, Slash appeared. Dropped right out of the air, hitting the ground between me and Princess, snarling, lashing his tail. Gray-and-white-striped, he was bigger than three of me, and covered with battle scars. Most of one ear was chewed away as well, but I wouldn't have wanted to see the other guy. I had to concur: the cat was bad. "MROWWWWW!" he said. And thought, "You lookin' to die, fuckhead? The bitch is mine. Leave! *Fast!*"

Not a small part of me wanted to think, "Just had the same idea! What a coincidence!" But instead, surprising even myself, I gave him my loudest roar right back, thinking, "Oh, yeah? What I eat today, you eat tomorrow, dickbreath." And instantly regretted it as he started for me, legs stiff, tail erect. Well, two could play that game. I came at him similarly, and we circled, sniffing each other's anuses—an experience about which I cannot say little enough.

I tried to impress him, fluffing myself up to appear bigger. Didn't work; he merely did the same, seeming to swell to the size of a flicker-box. We prowled around each other, growling. I found myself smacking my lips, salivating like crazy. I don't want to say I was scared, exactly. *Terrified*—that's the word I'm searching for.

"MYOWLLLLLLLLL!!!" he roared.

"ROWLLLLLLLLL!! OWLLLLLLLLL!!!"

Hey, the yelling-at-each-other part was easy. I was great at that part.

Then he went for my throat. I spun away, but one of his long, glistening eyeteeth caught me in the shoulder, drawing blood.

All right, now I was pissed. The man had messed with me. I, who had killed untold greeblings, armies of sweetee and kazoon! "MROWLLLLLLLLL!!!" I roared, and sprang.

What he did, he just moved forward, maybe an inch, as I hit him. It was as if I had frontally attacked the swinging leg of a bigfoot. *Boinggg!* So there I was on my ass in the alley, with this big son of a bitch bearing down on me, ears flattened, lips drawn back...and Princess, as I could see from the corner of my eye, rolling around and *crooning*, for God's sake, posing in these *unbelievably* lewd positions, and all nine of my lives were passing before my eyes....

"*Mroop rooo,*" Princess was cooing.

"BROWWWWWWWWW!" Slash roared. "HSSSSSSSSSS! HSSSSSSSSSS!"

"ROWWWLLLLLLLLL!" I howled plaintively.

Wham! A window flew open; some bigfoot began barking at us.

In absolute accord, the three of us shut up and froze. We stared at the light in the window, blinking stupidly; an empty amber-liquid bottle flew out at us. I leaped out of the way. Maybe Slash thought he couldn't be hurt, I dunno. Anyway, he just stood there...and the bottle bounced off the giant bastard's head. Down he went.

I looked at Slash. I looked over at Princess. She returned my gaze. Slowly, she lowered her belly to the ground, and elevated her rump.

"*Prrrrroooo. Prrrrrrrooooo,*" she said.

It's amazing what your body knows how to do. I mean, it wasn't as if Grover had run this all down to me. I was on her like a flash, and sank my teeth into the soft, infinitely desirable ruff at the back of her neck.

"*Roooo,*" she sang. "*Rooooo rooooo.*" Thinking, "Oh, yes, yes, give it to me, baby...."

My sentiments exactly. I got one foreleg on each side of her, and with my hind legs began treading around her rear, thrusting at her in a frenzy. It's a very small target, and you're not down there to see what you're doing, so... Well, anyway, it seemed to go on for a long, long time, as I experienced what to this day is the most unbearable sustained pleasure of my life. I'll tell you, you couldn't do a lot of that; you'd burn out—die, probably.

And then I hit it. *Blam!*, there was that inner explosion again. Princess let out a shriek. I mean a *shriek!* And threw me off, hissing and clawing at me. "Hey," I thought.

Then bright light blinded us as a door flew open. A bigfoot—an old, skinny one with blue pictures on his arms—barreled up the stairs, his glow as red as any I've ever seen. That was it for me. Later, Princess. I streaked for the alley mouth.

The black guy wasn't around anymore. Of course he wasn't; it was raining. I *hate* getting wet! Redoubling my speed, I zoomed by the wooden

wall, up the metal climbing structure. By now I was wet, bleeding, hungry, and thoroughly miserable.

The window was closed.

Have you ever wanted to just quit? This wasn't supposed to be happening to me! I blinked, and peered through the glass. My God, the place was full of greeblings! With nobody doing anything about it!! Can you possibly comprehend the frustration I felt? The closet was gaping open, defenseless. Where the hell was Grover?

Need I have asked? I went to the next window, the one into the back room. There he was, all right—lying between Boss and Big Yellow, all three of them sleeping away with these stupid, contented smiles. I meowed at the top of my lungs. Nothing; the storm was so loud I could hardly hear myself. Guess who spent the night in the rain?

Well, what the hell, everything worked out okay. My shoulder hurts some every once in a while, but Big Yellow took such good care of me that, by and large, I soon felt fine again, and we became great friends. Then life got better—she moved in. That was the end of Boss's trouble; he began playing the tone machine regularly again, and his glow's been bright and clean ever since.

As for me, adventure's no longer the thing I crave. I'm getting plenty to eat, thank you very much; Grover no longer resents me; the sleeping's great in that sweet, between-the-bigfeet space. I'm a family man again, and that's fine with me.

See, you can't be a youth forever. Young, maybe, but not a youth. The adventure taught me the virtues of self-control. Now when meows come through the slightly open window, I keep my enjoyment to myself. And since Boss never saw me freaking out, guess what? He never took me back to the needle bigfoot!

Occasionally I still recline on the windowsill. Once I happened to glance down, and who should I see but Princess...and five little guys following her. Beats me where they came from; they sure weren't around the night I met her. Anyway, Big Yellow saw too, and let out a coo. She ran out, and when she came back she had you sitting in one of her forepaws. And that's how you got here, kid; that's where you come from.

Oh, one last thing I don't want to leave out—the funniest sight of the whole experience. It was Boss, the morning after the rain when they brought me inside and he opened the closet door to get me something warm—and disappeared from sight beneath a clattering avalanche of black wire coat hangers. ■

MEAN WHILE!!!
PENNECK GEEK
FALLS ASLEEP.....

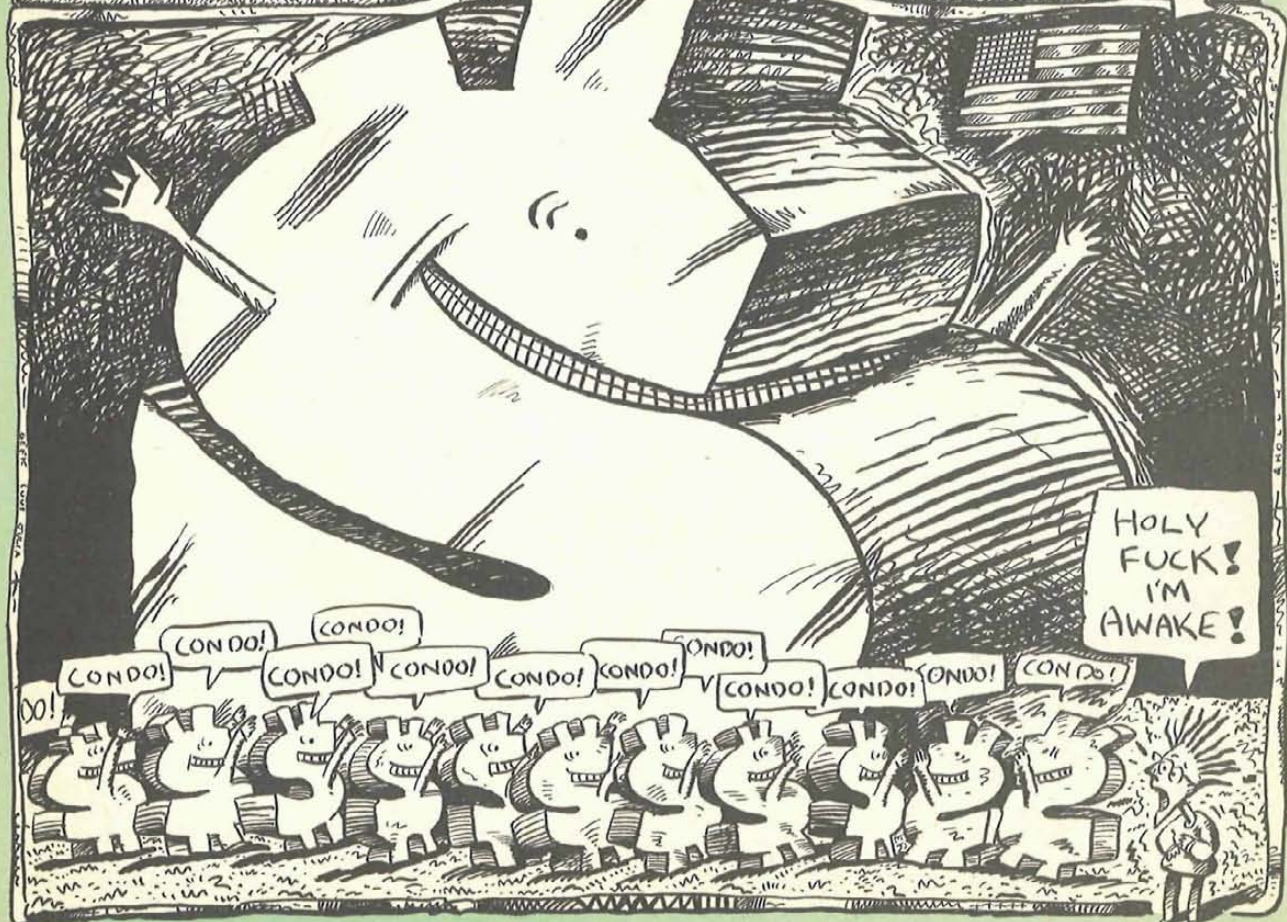
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\$\$\$



HOLY FUCK!
I'M AWAKE!

My First Time

continued from page 58

street to eye up the local talent.

The girls were out in full force. You had to beat them off with a stick. I didn't want to make the mistake of picking someone too beautiful. Then again, I didn't want a pig. I found a girl who looked just right. Not too dark, not too light. She had long black hair and high cheekbones, like an Indian. She was small with bird legs and unusually big tits. I wanted a girl I could dominate. Guys were always telling me that most girls really liked to be dominated—even slapped around a little. You had to let them know who was boss.

She said her name was Gloriana. She took me to this sleazebag hotel where she had a room about the size of a toilet. It had a bed, a tiny sink, and one light bulb. Now this was more my speed. Nice and humble. I could dominate a girl in a place like this. I told her to take off my clothes. She looked at me like I was crazy. I repeated my order, much louder. She sighed and said something to me in Spanish, which must have been "Go fuck yourself." She started to take off her own clothes.

I figured I better let her know she couldn't get away with this, so I slapped her. Only not very hard. I really wasn't an experienced slapper of girls. It was more like a push. But she sprang up like a tiger and slapped me right back, very hard.

Okay, you little hellcat. You want to fight, we'll fight. That'll get her all hot and steamy. I saw plenty of movies where the guy has to tame one of these wild hellcats by wrestling her down to the bed until she moans and cries. So I jump on top of her and pin her down on the bed. I'm trying to act cool, like the Reec would do in this situation. Just smile and pull her clothes off. Laugh at her and slap her again. But this girl is not going for it. She needs a lot of taming. I'm beginning to sweat.

Something's not quite right. Gloriana is supposed to crumple under me and give up. She's supposed to sob and not really fight back because she likes to have me dominate her. But not this wiry little bitch. She's fighting and kicking and scratching and I'm too embarrassed to really hit back hard. I'm just about to get off and try a different tack when she grabs my head and bites my ear off. Almost. I mean, she took off a nice piece of ear. I was bleeding like a stuck pig.

That certainly killed the mood. I ran the fuck out of the sleazebag hotel and found a drugstore where the guy fixed the bleeding and gave me a temporary bandage. So I never even got Gloriana's clothes off and never saw those tits. Who knows? Maybe they weren't even hers.

When my pals saw my condition they just shook their heads. They were beginning to lose patience with me. It was like playing the outfield and losing fly balls in the sun. But the Reec was very good to me. He felt it wasn't my fault. Just the luck of the draw. "Why don't you forget whores for a while and find a real woman?" he said. "A normal, healthy woman who likes to fuck young guys. Havana is full of women like that. Just make believe you're falling in love and you'll fall in love," he said.

The Reec had a way of putting things so that it all made sense. "Just make believe you're falling in love and you'll fall in love." It sounded like a love song. The Reec even volunteered to take me to a nice bar where he would scout for the right lady. And then he would disappear, make himself scarce, while I went out with her and took her home.

We went to La Floridita, the most famous bar in Havana, where Ernest Hemingway used to hang out. They made the best daiquiris in the world, and a lot of really attractive women used to stop in for a quick one or two. The Reec spotted a very attractive woman who looked like she was in her late thirties, sitting alone at a little table. He said I should put on my best manners, introduce myself as an American from New York City, in Havana for the first time, and it would be an honor to buy her a drink.

What a great fucking line. But it was the truth. As I learned much later, truth is a thousand times better than fiction. I was nervous as shit, but the Reec pulled me up and made me do it. I stumbled a few times in my recitation, but the lady didn't laugh at me. She gave me a terrific smile and invited me to sit down. One drink led to another and before I knew it, the Reec melted into thin air and the lady and me were rubbing knees and holding hands. The drinks and the warm air were getting to me and she could sense it. She suggested we go to her place where it was nice and cool.

This time I knew I would finally score. Her name was Tania. She wanted to go to America and study fashion—clothes design. Her specialty was designing swimsuits. She wanted to model her entire swimsuit collection for me at her home. She made them herself, on her own sewing machine. I was going to watch a gorgeous woman try on swimsuits. My mouth was getting dry and my legs were almost shaking.

Tania had a nice apartment in one of those Spanish-style buildings, with a little terrace and gardens and fountains out front. She was going to put on a full fashion show with music and all. I was supposed to close my eyes and not look until she came out with a new suit. No peeking while she undressed. Shit. I peeked. She wiggled her finger at me and

continued on page 70



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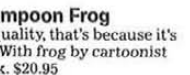
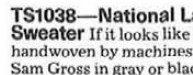
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My First Time

continued from page 67

scolded me like a little boy. If her plan was to get me excited and nearly crazy she was doing it. She wouldn't let me touch her until she'd shown her whole line. I applauded. I cheered. What else was going to happen? Was I getting into another weird scene?

The answer was no. As soon as she peeled off the last suit she jumped on me and grabbed my wing-wang, which by now was getting amazingly large. She was just plain luscious in the best Latin style. I didn't know what part of her to grab first. She sensed that I was getting crazy and she calmed me down. In fact, she became my guide, showing me what to do, where to put this, how to squeeze that. She was the foreman of my fingers, the honcho of my hands. A nicer woman was hard to find. This was it. Thank God.

And then she was ready for me. I was just about to make my entrance when I heard the sound of the front door opening. We had a visitor. Not a visitor, she says. It must be her husband. He's home unexpectedly early. He was supposed to be away on maneuvers for another two days. Husband? And the guy is a colonel in the army. Does that mean he's armed? Yes. She apologizes like mad and warns me that her husband is very jealous and capable of doing anything when he's angry. He could shoot me on the spot,

call his men, and have me thrown into the bay. He makes his own rules.

Great. I'm sixteen and my life is over. I will be dead in one minute. How do I get the fuck out? The only route is the window. It's a three-story drop, but if I jump out far enough I could land in the hedges or in a flower bed, she says. She sounds like she's had this experience before.

I hear the guy coming, so I got no choice. I'm so fucking scared that I actually don't feel a thing. I jump. Except I miss the hedges and land on the grass. Grass never felt so hard. After I land I remember that I should've rolled on the ground like a paratrooper. I saw that in the movies a few times. I can feel the pain shooting up my legs and my body. But I'm still alive. I can crawl. I look back at the window, and would you believe it? Her husband is closing the blinds, already half naked, while I get a glimpse of Tania lying on the bed with her legs spread. I warm her up and make her crazy and he walks in and fucks her.

Somehow I managed to crawl home. Guido got a doctor to look at me. Most of the doctors in Havana specialized in abortions, but this guy was okay. I had two badly sprained ankles, banged-up ribs, and a dangling ear that needed repair.

The next day I felt a little better. I could walk with crutches and casts on my feet. The Reec had a surprise for me.

All the guys were going to take me out that night to see Superman. Great. Just what I needed, a cartoon. The Reec explained that this was a different kind of Superman, a Cuban guy who entertained people in a nightclub with his act. This Superman was supposed to have the biggest cock in the world. "What does he do?" I asked. "He fucks a girl right onstage with his Louisville Slugger," Reec said. "We shouldn't miss it. It's one of the highlights of Havana. The women go crazy and they beg him to fuck them, right onstage." "Does he?" "Of course! That's his act. He's got to go all night, for every broad who wants it. That's what they pay for and that's why they call him Superman."

The Reec wanted me to relax and just watch an expert do it. He said there were so many women at the club that it was almost a sure thing I would get laid. The sex in the air was contagious.

The nightclub was very dark, with paintings on the wall of people fucking. The place was packed, mostly couples, with a lot of older women who must have been at least thirty, but still looking very sexy. The women looked like they were ready for anything. They were keyed-up, tense, biting their lips and looking around for the star.

On the stage was this guy with practically nothing on but a bandanna around his midsection, a big black guy who played the bongos. In the middle of the stage was a big round bed covered with silky sheets. Suddenly the bongo player was tapping a rhythm. A girl came out and sat on the bed. She was wearing one of those sexy bathrobes where you could see everything she had. And she had everything. In fact, I was hooked on her. She had long, black hair, coffee-colored skin, and big, full lips. She had a fantastic body, very full, very long in the leg, and very active. Her act was to become very impatient for Superman—like the women in the audience. Only she was waiting to get fucked. She got all hot and bothered playing with herself, rubbing her body, looking at herself in a big mirror onstage. She was like a stripper, only more realistic.

Then I heard footsteps in the back of the club. The drums went up a little louder and this guy appeared with a big blue spotlight on him. He was wearing nothing but a jockstrap. He was a big shvug with a shaved head. I never saw a guy with a shaved head before. You could see that he had a big one under that jock. The women were starting to click their tongues.

The guy moved around the tables like a dancer. He snapped his jock back and forth like a rubber band, showing off what he had underneath it. On the stage, the woman was going crazy waiting for

continued on page 76



"Don't worry, sweetie, I didn't even look at another woman. All I did was lie in the sun and get a tan."

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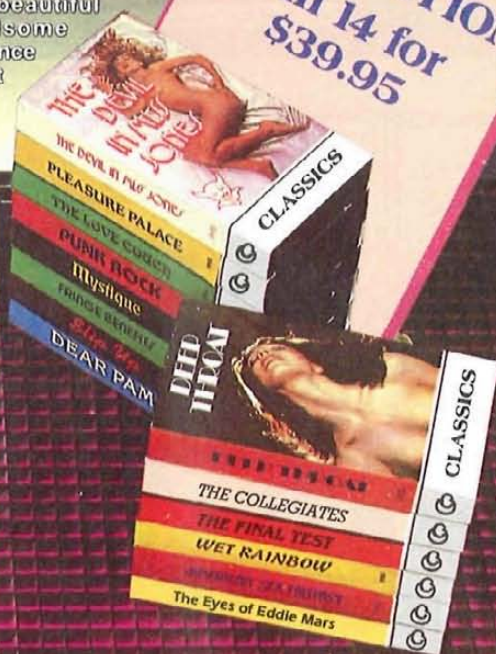
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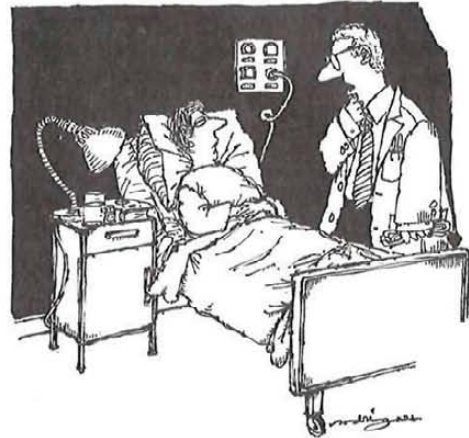
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"...And when the construction of your female genitalia from anal tissue was completed, there was a little piece left over, so Dr. Stern and I thought it would be nice to use it to make that attractive beauty spot!"



"Well, let's see, now... The stitches come out Tuesday along with the bladder catheter, and if a gynecological examination shows vagina-wall tissue normal, I'd say you can start working as a prostitute as early as Saturday."



"What? You've changed your mind about being changed to a woman, and instead you want to be changed into a hermaphrodite?! So would I, Mr. Feldman, but I'm afraid that's out of the question!"



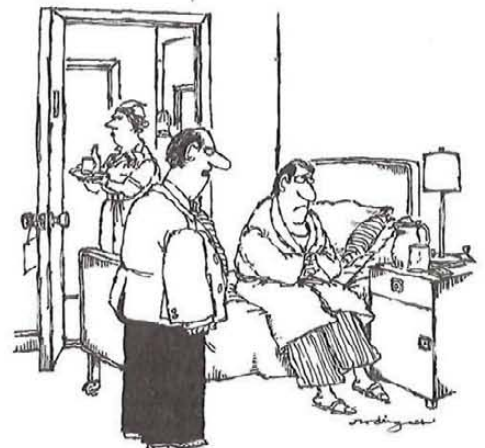
"Hey, you guys, watch your language! I've got two brand-new ladies in here!!!"



"You say that my husband's sex-change surgery went well, but that his body appears to be rejecting the clitoris? Well, I should certainly hope so!"



"...And all my life I've had this driving obsession about having a virgin, and inasmuch as you just underwent a sex change to a female, and technically you're a virgin, I was wondering if you'd—uh, well, you know what I'm getting at...."



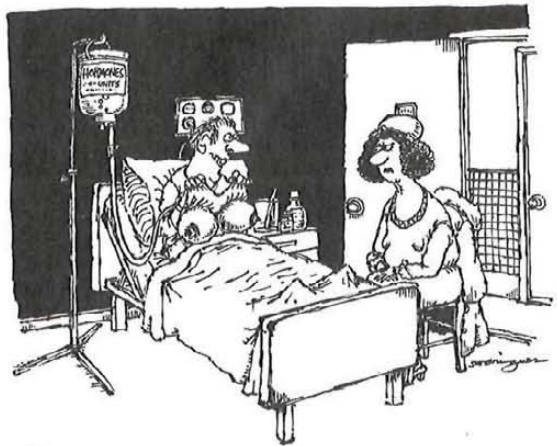
"I told you that you shouldn't attempt urinating in the male stand-up position until your male genital construction was fully healed and your stitches removed! Now, who's gonna mop up that ceiling in the men's room?!!"



"... Now, now, Mr. Bigelow—I mean, Miss Bigelow—before we concern ourselves about the proper method of inserting a tampon, let's get this walking on high heels squared away."



"We didn't do your sex change from male to female any too soon—you're seven and a half months pregnant!"



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My First Time

continued from page 70

Superman. She was moaning and groaning and wiggling like a snake in heat. But Superman was cool. He ignored her. Instead, he whipped off his jock and threw it to someone in the audience, who practically fainted when she caught it. Then he walked around from table to table and put his giant wing-wang on a lady's lap and let her touch it and stroke it. His thing was getting bigger and bigger as he jumped around from table to table. The ladies were shrieking and swooning. And the woman onstage was doing the same.

And something else was happening. My pecker was enlarging as well. In fact, it was getting gigantic. I'd never seen it so big before. I was matching Superman inch for inch. The son of a bitch wouldn't look at the poor woman onstage, who was almost crying with frustration. But I looked at her. And my joint was getting so big it wouldn't stay inside my fly. My pants were going to pop unless I did something.

And then the woman onstage did something very unusual. She fixed her eyes on me. We had a ringside table, so the lady and me could practically see each other eye to eye. But she wasn't looking at my face. She was looking at my crotch. In a flash I unzipped my fly to give my thing a little breathing space or

it would have suffocated. It sprung up like a jack-in-the-box to its full size. I tell you the truth, it was bigger than Superman's.

The people at the nearby tables saw my thing and they stood up and applauded. Superman looked around to see what the people were clapping about. He was a little pissed because his act was interrupted. But it was too late for him to do anything about it. The people thought I was a part of his show, because the next thing that happened was the lady onstage came up to me and told me to dick her a little, just for the fun of it, to kind of warm her up for Superman. Superman was being a real pig, she said, a rotten son of a bitch who teased her too much and made her wait for him like a slave. She wanted a young, handsome fellow like me who could really satisfy her, not that big fat peacock who was over the hill.

The audience laughed and clapped some more. They thought it was terrific. A new twist. And the woman looked like she was really mad at Superman and she was crazy to fuck me. The truth was I was crazy to fuck her, too. I don't know what came over me. Honest. The crowd got on me, egging me on in a friendly way. Superman was trying to do his number, but now the attention of the audience had shifted to me.

And then two big Cubans from the next table lifted me up and deposited

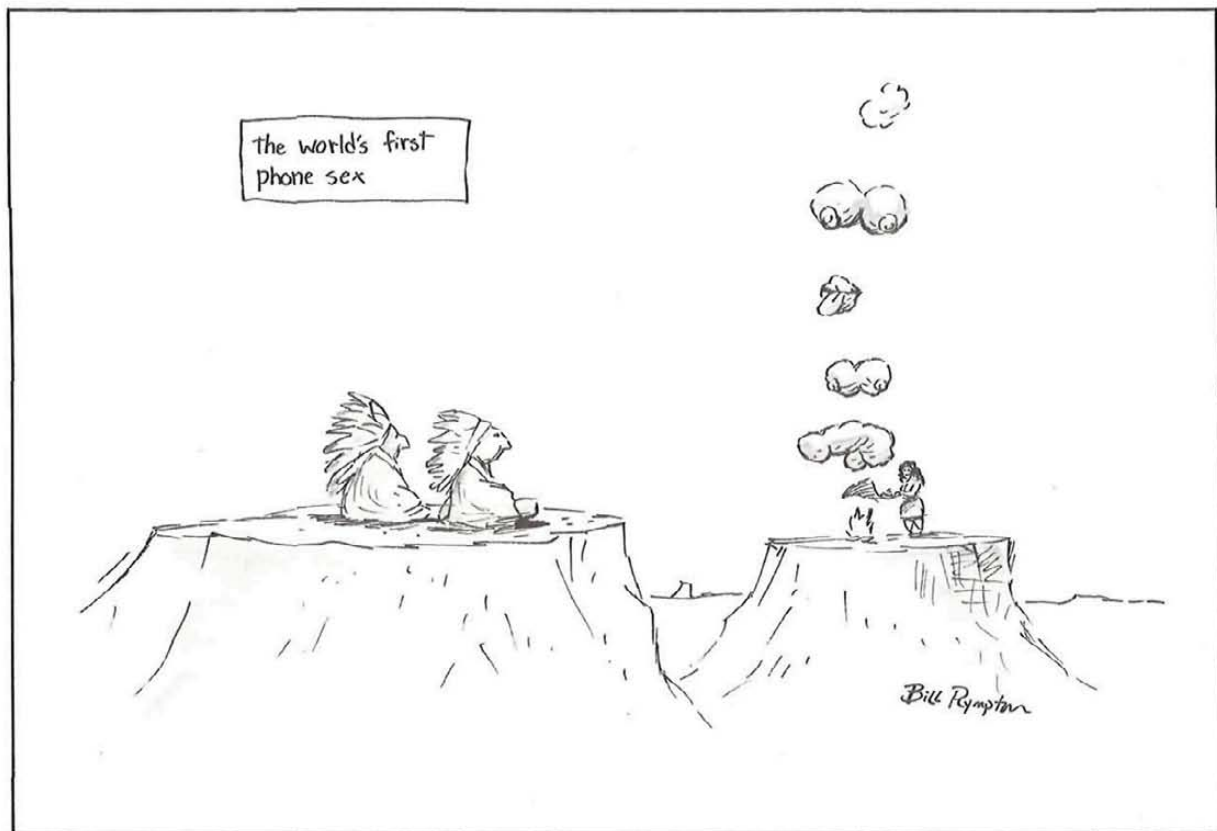
me right on top of the woman. The cheering started again. And wouldn't you know it . . . my shvantz did its disappearing act. I was too embarrassed. Also, I was unable to move because of all my injuries. The crowd booed me. One minute I'm a hero, the next minute I'm a putz with ears. The guys got me back to my table. "That's some hell of a tool you got there, Bern," the Reec said. "Some-day you are going to use it, I'm sure."

We watched Superman finish off his partner. Sure enough, the guy was terrific. He got all the ladies excited and they looked like they were ready for anything. But I was a basket case. The Reec put me in a cab and instructed the driver to take me home.

That was the last straw. I was the only guy in history not to get laid in Havana. It was a good thing we were going home the next day.

On the plane back to New York you never saw a happier, more fucked-out bunch of guys—except me. I was still as pure as a double scoop of vanilla ice cream. Even the Reec was disappointed in me.

"I don't know, Bern. Maybe you're a homo and you don't know it," he said. "It's in your genes. When you get to be sixteen, your hormones change. If you don't get the right mixture of hormone fluid you end up as a homo. It's not your fault. Did you ever have any homos in your family?"



"Yeah. Everyone on my father's side," I said.

The Reec ignored my sarcastic remark. He said I could be like his cousin Nunzio. On weekdays he broke arms and legs for Passalacqua the loan shark. On weekends he turned homo and sucked cocks on the pier in Greenwich Village.

Great. I could be another Nunzio if I played my cards right. I fell asleep on the plane and dreamed I was taking a shower with the Reec and I let him soap me up. I woke up in a cold sweat. God, maybe I was a homo. Maybe I couldn't get laid because my hormones were fighting me, trying to tell me something. The guys told me to go to a doctor and get my hormones examined.

When I got home I discovered my apartment was empty. My folks had gone to the Catskills for a vacation. Good. I wanted to be alone with my misery. I couldn't move much and I didn't want to eat. I just sat in a chair and stared into space, trying not to think homo thoughts.

By the third day I was getting hungry. I still had some of Guido's money, so I called out for Chinese food. When the buzzer rang I staggered to the door. It was my food delivery. Only the delivery boy was a girl . . . a Chinese girl about fifteen or sixteen. Her name was Yu-Lin. She knew who I was. She was a waitress at the restaurant. They were short of delivery boys, so she was pressed into service.

Yu-Lin not only recognized me, she said she liked me. She couldn't talk to me in the restaurant because I was always surrounded by my loud friends. She didn't want to go back to the restaurant after I paid her. Instead she gave me a massage and made me relax. I told her not to fool around with me. I was a homo. She was wasting her time. But she kept on massaging me, getting to my private places.

In a matter of minutes she was doing to me what I couldn't do to the best girls in Havana. It was as if God had planned all the fuck-ups in Havana so this could happen. Yu-Lin was the sweetest girl I ever knew. I couldn't believe my luck.

And a week later she was gone. Her father needed her in Hong Kong at his new restaurant. She sent me a bag of fortune cookies with sexy notes in them. She wanted me to come to Hong Kong and marry her. I couldn't. My parents wouldn't let me quit high school.

So that's the way it happened. I spend a week in the sexiest city in the world, a city where even lepers could get laid, but not me. And then it happens right in my own backyard. I wasn't a homo after all. Yu-Lin saved my life and saved the rest of the female world who would live to experience me. The rest is history. ■



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CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS

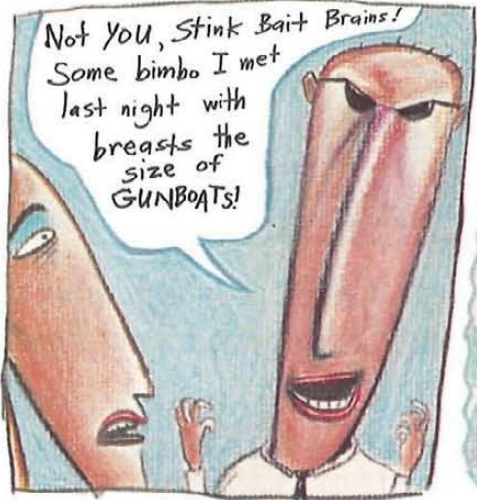
MR. VENGEANCE

by hickerson

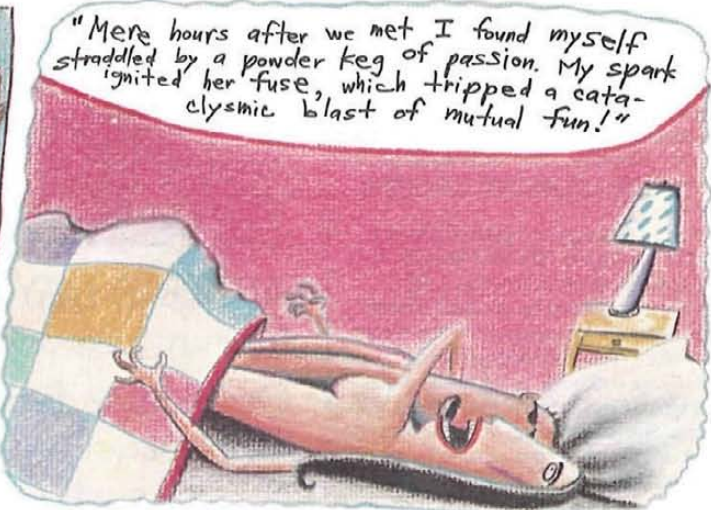


Yeah, Gwen, I never thought I'd find love. Especially not with a beautiful woman!

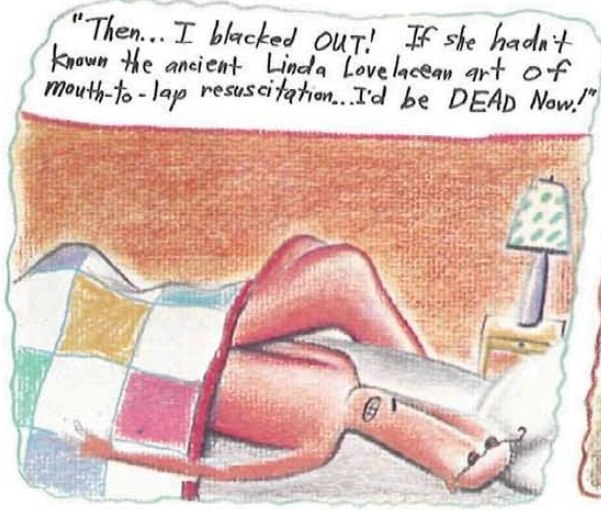
Oh, Mr Vengeance! That's the sweetest thing you've ever said about me.



Not YOU, Stink Bait Brains! Some bimbo I met last night with breasts the size of GUNBOATS!



"Mere hours after we met I found myself straddled by a powder keg of passion. My spark ignited her fuse, which tripped a cataclysmic blast of mutual fun!"

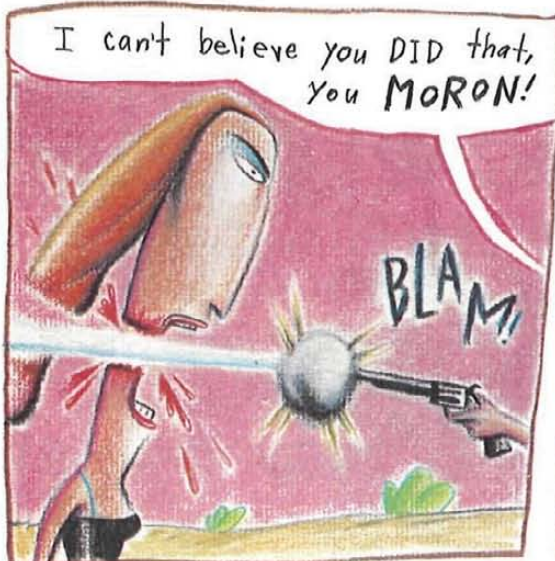
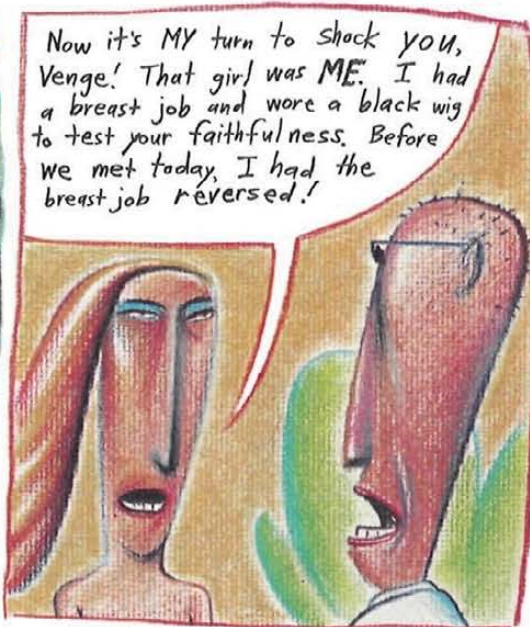


"Then... I blacked OUT! If she hadn't known the ancient Linda Lovelacean art of mouth-to-lap resuscitation...I'd be DEAD Now!"



"We spent the night lying naked under the stars..."

I don't know when I've felt so... cold.



Doing Slime

continued from page 34

fantasist, I was in a state of constant arousal. My every moment was consumed by wet, wicked, wanton thoughts. Every night when I returned from work, I'd tear off my clothes and impale myself on my boyfriend with nymphomaniacal intensity. At first he rather enjoyed this but soon began complaining about my always bringing my work home with me. But I just couldn't leave sex in the office where it belonged.

My diligence paid off—my employers realizing that a dirty mind is a terrible thing to waste—and I became managing editor, in charge of day-to-day operations. I got my own office. It had a window. A sense of power surged through me like one long, continuous orgasm. It was like suddenly finding my G-spot. I intended to run a tight ship. Oh, yeah...tight...nice and tight...so tight...

I surveyed the staff members. It was evident that they were in need of discipline. I began wearing boots to work. Black leather boots with four-inch heels. A cat-o'-nine-tails was kept in plain sight on my desk. The staff called me the Spermicidal Maniac behind my back. I turned dominatrix.

I wasn't always such a bitch. Sometimes I could be downright benevolent. When it was somebody's birthday, we'd

throw a party. A stripper would come to entertain, starting out stark naked, and, bumping and grinding, she'd complete the routine fully dressed. Sometimes we'd eat out. Other times we'd eat lunch. When I was in a mischievous mood, my assistant and I would go through *Screw*, looking for the skankiest hookers we could find, and set up appointments with them for anyone who was on my shitlist.

As I engaged in these banal, fun activities, though, I knew all was not well in Smutville. I'd been made aware of recent sales figures, and they were pretty bad. Finally, a figure in worse shape than my own, and I couldn't even take fiendish pleasure in it. I attributed this to the sad fact that nobody read anymore. Everybody was into video, people were playing with computers. I'd never been one for high tech, although I did once, in a pinch, use a floppy disk when I couldn't find my diaphragm. I believed that the only reason stroke books survived was that most Americans didn't have VCRs in their bathrooms.

I tried everything to boost sales. We portrayed every conceivable kink: oral sex, floral sex (buggering with flowers), choral sex (for fans of group gropes, with everyone dressed up like members of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir), and mural sex (sex with large paintings on the sides of buildings). Every fetish was

explored: foot worship, toe sucking, nail-biting; rubber, latex, aluminum foil.

Then I signed up a famous sucktress to write a sexual how-to column. I thought this porn star, who had made "double penetration" household words, would add some socially redeeming value to our publication. After all, how much more socially redeeming can you get than a girl who's recovered from every single social disease in the medical books? This little nympho was hot—I'd often wished her IUD could only talk—and she was a star, but even the winner of such coveted motion picture awards as Best Blowjob Scene and Finest Performance by a Supporting Hole could not entice a large enough readership to satisfy me.

I went off the deep end. I started taking meetings with the circulation manager. I had lunch with the PR guy. I even went out for drinks with the entire accounting staff!

Then it hit me like a ton of pricks! What we needed was a really great celebrity nude. Everyone loved celebrity nudes. The public was fascinated by the tit size of the rich and famous. For too long we'd been giving them grainy photos of the second cousin of the hairdresser to Princess Diana and black-and-white shots of long-dead B-movie

continued on page 82



"You're going to wear this collar and leash to my parents' this weekend for the same goddamn reason I wore the gorilla suit to your parents' last weekend!"

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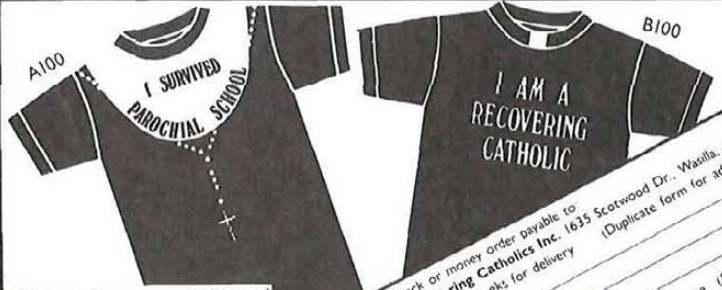
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Doing Slime

continued from page 80

queens in the bath that were only of interest to necrophiliacs. I wanted to really wow them with a nude layout of a superstar who was not only famous but the last person anyone would ever expect to see naked.

Shock value was vital. No one was surprised when Madonna turned up nude. The only thing shocking about that affair, besides the incredible amount of underarm hair on display, was the sums of money laid out for those pictures. It had to be someone you could never imagine naked, a woman who never pulls her panties down to pee, a woman you really don't believe ever has to pee. I'd have her kidnapped, and then we'd photograph her in bizarre and humiliating poses, publishing them on an exclusive basis. The entire country would be shocked, outraged, incredulous, disgusted. But they'd also be \$3.95 poorer. Everyone would buy the issue.

Who would it be, who would it be? Andrea Dworkin of Women Against Pornography was too fat and ugly. Geraldine Ferraro had enough problems, and prob-

ably would have made sure I was sleeping with the fishes before the last issue was printed. Mother Teresa was too old. Florence Nightingale was dead. The Judds, the mother-and-daughter country-western singing duo, were interesting because of the incest angle, but I feared their popularity wasn't great enough.

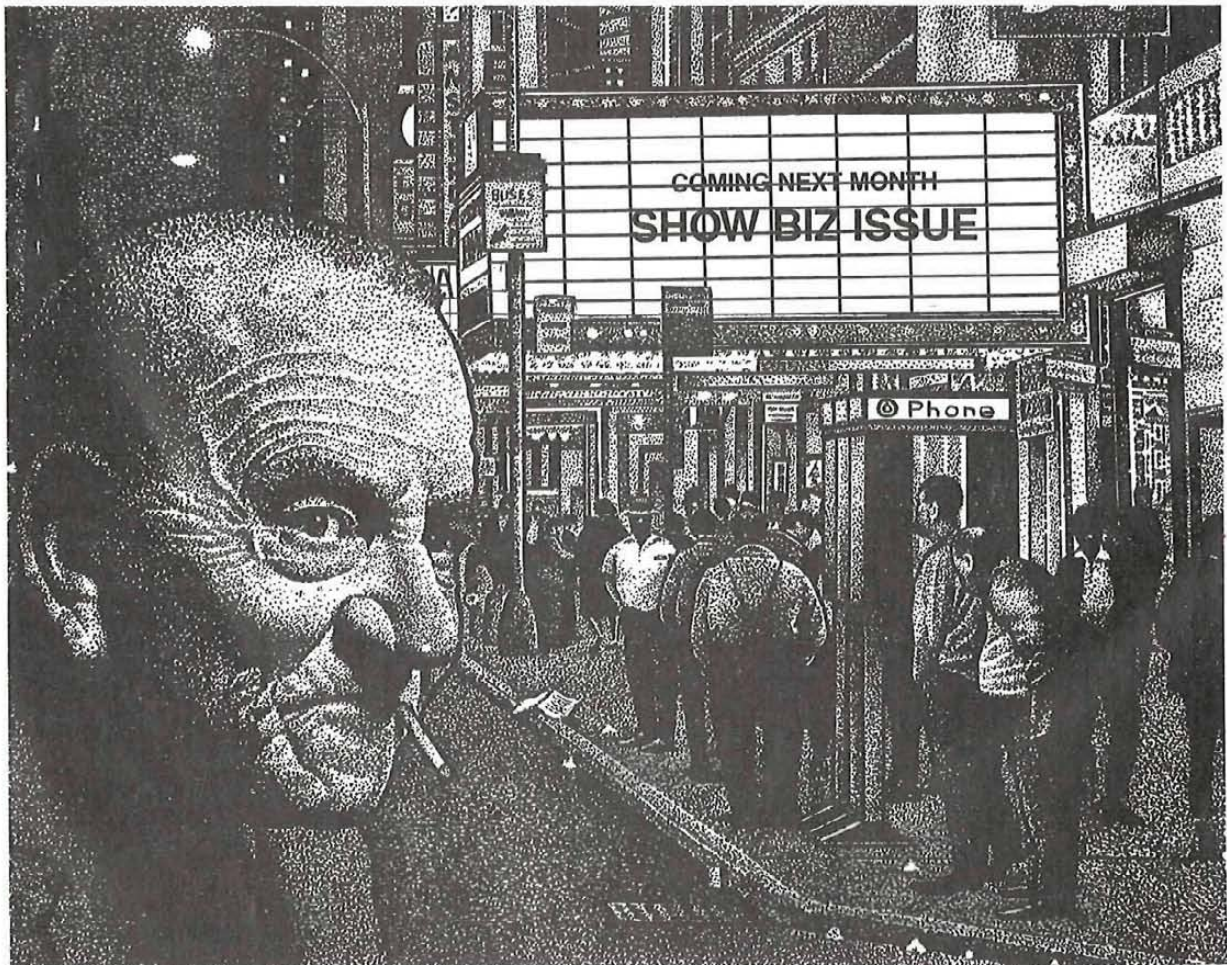
Ah, but of course. Who would be better than the First Lady, Nancy Reagan? A bold-type cover line, NANCY NUDE!, danced before my eyes, undulating enticingly. Of course, it would be a dangerous proposition, but it would be worth it. I could handle those Secret Service guys. With pleasure. I'd have them all eating jelly beans out of my hand! "I'll get you, my pretty!" I laughed aloud, "and your little dog too," thinking a touch of bestiality would make for an interesting twist.

When I left the office that night, I was so excited I couldn't sleep. My vibrator burned through three packs of batteries as I attempted to quell my nervous energy. Finally, I fell into a fitful sleep. I started to dream. I was walking down a long corridor, and at the end of this tunnel was a door. I walked over the

threshold into a room that was filled with a group of famous female literary figures. Jane Austen was there, surrounded by a bevy of bawdy little women. Simone de Beauvoir was there too, enthusiastically giving head to Sartre. A palpitating Barbara Cartland was having her bodice ripped and her heaving bosom ravaged by an utter cad. Even Jackie Collins was in attendance, masturbating gleefully over an article about her sister, Joan, in the *National Enquirer*.

I was amazed to see all my literary idols assembled in so sordid a setting. It looked like Plato's Retreat had opened a branch at the public library. When the women noticed me in their midst, they all breathed a collective sigh, had a simultaneous orgasm. Then Fran Lebowitz, flicking ashes over the head of a pretty young thing as she basked in the afterglow, said to me, "Kid, you've been doing slime, taking the sleazy way out, long enough. It's time for you to move on."

When I woke up, I knew she was right. That very morning, I resigned. I was ready for bigger and wetter things. My time had come. ■



Art by Drew Friedman. From the book *Any Similarity to Persons Living or Dead Is Purely Coincidental* (Fantagraphics, Agora, California, 1986).

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